SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

*February 1930*

VOL. LXXXVII NO. 2

# Alleged Sins of Science

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Is man a victim of science's machine age? Is science building up a world of terror? In this and the next article, two distinguished scientists answer. Dr. Millikan examines the part science plays in the ills of the modern world. Dr. Michael Pupin in "Romance of the Machine" draws an impressive analogy between the cosmic engine and the man-made machines of America.

THE cardinal doctrine in the creed of every man of science is stated in the motto of the University of Chicago, namely, "Crescat Scientia Vita Excolatur"—let knowledge grow, let life be enriched; or equally well in the motto of the California Institute, "The Truth shall make you free." And any effort to suppress or impede the growth of science, which means to the scientist merely the growth of man's understanding of his world, and hence of his ability to live wisely in it, is to him an unpardonable sin, or at least not the work of an understanding mind.

If we are to be asked deliberately to shut our minds to the truth, or to be deterred by fear from searching for it, we might as well, so says the scientist, give up the effort at intelligent living altogether and go back to savagery. Furthermore, the whole history of man's age-long rise from superstition and ignorance up to his present estate seems to the scientist to be a practical demonstration of the essential soundness of this view.

So when a couple of years ago the Bishop of Ripon suggested to the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science that it would be well for the world if science could take a ten-year holiday his words did not meet with a chorus of applause from scientists.

But the Bishop's views are not so uncommon, and we scientists have to some extent been responsible for them. The following quotation from a book written by one of the best-informed and most intelligent of living Americans states the case against science thus. I quote from Mr. Raymond Fosdick's recent book entitled, "The Old Savage in the New Civilization."

"Humanity stands to-day in a position of



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unique peril. An unanswered question is written across the future: Is man to be the master of the civilization he has created, or is he to be its victim? Can he control the forces which he has himself let loose? Will this intricate machinery which he has built up and this vast body of knowledge which he has appropriated be the servant of the race, or will it be a Frankenstein monster that will slay its own maker? In brief, has man the capacity to keep up with his own machines?

"This is the supreme question before us. All other problems that confront us are merely its corollaries. And the necessity of a right answer is perhaps more immediate than we realize. For science is not standing still. In speaking of the scientific revolution I have not been speaking of a phenomenon that was confined to the Nineteenth Century. Rather we are just at the beginning of the revolution. We could not stop it if we would. It is advancing by leaps and bounds, gaining in impetus with each year. It is giving us more machines, faster machines, machines increasingly more intricate and complex. . . .

"Life in the future will be speeded up infinitely beyond the present. Sources of energy will be tapped and harnessed far outrivalling what we have to-day. There lies in full view before us a realm of discovery in physical science till now untrodden by mortals even in their dreams. The pioneers are already upon the road to this promised land. . . . We now know that in atoms of matter there exists a store of energy incomparably more abundant and powerful than any other of which we have thus far obtained control. If once we can liberate this force, what machines we can build! Steam and electricity will be an anachronism at which our children will laugh as we laugh at the hand loom and the spinning wheel. With a pound weight of this radioactive substance we will get as much energy as we now obtain from 150 tons of coal. Or another pound weight can be made to do the work of 150 tons of dynamite.

"One hundred and fifty tons of dynamite—enough to blow a modern city into oblivion—compressed to a pound weight which might be held in the hand! No wonder that a sober-thinking scientist like Professor Frederick Soddy of Oxford University should write: 'I trust this discovery will not be made until it is clearly understood what is involved.' 'And yet,' he goes on to say, 'it is a discovery that is sooner or later bound to come. Conceivably it might be made to-morrow.'

"One has only to turn the pages back to 1914 to find the grounds for Professor Soddy's uneasiness. All the machines that ingenuity could invent were directed to the single purpose of human destruction. In a hundred laboratories, in a thousand arsenals, factories, and bureaus, physics and chemistry were harnessed to the task of mass death. The gigantic success of the enterprise is shown in the statistics: 10,000,000 known dead soldiers; 3,000,000 presumed dead soldiers; 13,000,000 dead civilians; 20,000,000 wounded; 3,000,000 prisoners; 9,000,000 war orphans; 5,000,000 war widows; 10,000,000 refugees.

"This was the tabulation that our mechanical civilization made possible. This is the result of creating machinery for which we have no method of control. This is the consequence of giving children matches to play with. . . .

"This, then, is the problem: science will not wait for men to catch up. It does not hold itself responsible for the morals or capacities of its human employers. It gives us a fire engine with which to throw water to extinguish a fire; if we want to use the engine to throw kerosene on the fire, that is our lookout. The engine is adapted to both purposes. With the same hand, science gives us X-rays and machine guns, modern surgery and high explosives, anæsthetics and poison gas. In brief, science has multiplied man's physical powers ten thousand fold and in like ratio has increased his capacity both for construction and destruction. How is that capacity to be used in the future? How can we hold in check the increasing physical power of disruptive influences? Have we spiritual assets enough to counterbalance the new forces? How can we breed a greater average intelligence? Can education run fast enough, not only to overcome the lead which science has obtained, but to keep abreast in the race? Can the old savage be trusted with the new civilization which he has created?

"These are ugly questions. They are hurled as a challenge at our generation, and upon their answers the future depends."

Now perhaps the alleged sins of science have never been stated more tellingly than in the foregoing, and I would

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like to ask you to allow me to bring Science herself to the witness stand and ask her what she has to say for herself.

She replies very quietly that there are both statements and implications in the foregoing that need further consideration. First, that, following her conviction that the only matter of supreme importance is to find out the facts, since we have to live with them anyway, she has kept steadily at work since Mr. Soddy raised the hobgoblin of dangerous quantities of available subatomic energies and has brought to light good evidence that this particular hobgoblin—like most of the bugaboos that crowd in on the mind of ignorance—was a myth; that it was exceedingly fortunate that Mr. Soddy's fears did not at the time he uttered them induce a terrified humanity, like a frightened child paralyzed by its fear in the dark, to stop its efforts to get more light, for the worst disasters have always come from panic born of ignorance; that she (Science) regards it as her chief function to deter men from over-hasty conclusions, though she does not always succeed, even with her devotees; that her influence, nevertheless, is always to constrain men to replace panicky, emotional acting by reflective, informed, rational acting. The great world explosions, including the World War, have been mental, not physical. She would ask you then to withhold your judgment until all the available evidence is in.

Now the new evidence born of further scientific study is to the effect that it is highly improbable that there is any appreciable amount of available subatomic energy for man to tap; in other words, that henceforth men like the Bishop of Ripon who are living in fear lest some bad boy among the scientists may some day touch off the fuse and blow this comfortable earth of ours to star dust may go home and henceforth sleep in peace with the consciousness that the Creator has put some fool-proof elements into his handiwork and that man is powerless to do it any titanic physical damage anyway.

This may relieve the Bishop of Ripon, but it will disappoint men like Lord Birkenhead, who have been hypnotized rather than scared by the prospect of tapping enormous new sources of subatomic energy and who have been revelling in the prospect of some day lying in bed, pressing a button, and calling for two atoms' worth of massage. These men will be obliged to give up their idle Utopian dream and console themselves with the reflection that the chief joy of life after all comes from the striving and the overcoming, that there is much more satisfaction in smashing a resistant atom, as man will doubtless do, than in lying on one's back and watching it explode.

One may become blue or happy then, according to his temperament, over the fact that it is now highly improbable that we on the earth shall ever get any appreciable amounts of energy from any other source than the sun, whence we have always obtained our energy, directly or indirectly, in the past, but at any rate that is the indication to which we must adjust ourselves, and it serves at least to remove from the account of Science one sin with which she had been charged.

But that is only the first of the sins charged against her. What about the horrible indictment as to the twenty-six million people actually killed in the World War? The answer is twofold. First, the implication was that Science had a good deal of responsibility for that war—an erroneous implication I think, since war has been the chief business of

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all the glorious civilizations of the past when there was no science, and with every advance in science I think it becomes less and less so. Indeed, primitive man's chief tools were probably arrowheads and tomahawk and his chief industry making and using them. When the age of bronze replaced the age of stone a multitude of new peaceful arts were born. Copper smiths, silver smiths, gold smiths appeared who developed a wonderful decorative art for use on urns, on vases, on table ware, on personal ornaments, on sarcophagi, on friezes, on monuments—witness the amazing perfection of these arts revealed in Tutankhamen's tomb—and these arts reduced the relative importance of the successor of the arrowhead and tomahawk maker, for these peaceful arts turned men's minds and energies and interests away from war, toward peace.

And this has been the consequence I think of practically every advance in science and its applications since that time. Let him whose eyes have recently been focussed on the increased effectiveness of tools of destruction and whose fears have been aroused lest the savage in man may use these tools to destroy the race lift up his head and look all around him. I think that such a survey will show conclusively that every scientific advance finds ten times as many new, peaceful, constructive uses as it finds destructive ones. Explosives and fertilizers are basically the same, and even explosives as such meet a dozen peaceful needs to one warlike one. The duPont Company is known as a powder concern, but that is a well-nigh negligible part of its business. Public thinking is misled merely by the fact that a horror makes better news than a wheat crop. One man blown painlessly to atoms gets more news space than a thousand men in the agonies of starvation or dying by inches from disease. Steel does indeed make bayonets, but it also makes ploughshares and railroads and automobiles and sewing machines and threshers, and a thousand other things whose uses constitute the strongest existing diverter of human energies from the destructive to the peaceful arts.

In my judgment war is now in process of being abolished chiefly by this relentless advance of science, its most powerful enemy. It has existed in spite of religion, and in spite of philosophy, and in spite of social ethics, and in spite of humanitarianism and the Golden Rule, since the days of the caveman because, in accordance with the evolutionary philosophy of modern science, and simply because, *it has had survival value*. It will disappear like the dinosaur when, and only when, the conditions which have given it its survival value have disappeared, and those conditions are disappearing now primarily because of the changes in world conditions being brought about by the growth of modern science.

I am with Mr. Fosdick in every effort to arouse more fully the social sense, the conscience, and the morals of mankind, in every effort to develop a new machinery like a world court and a League of Nations to assist in bringing about better international and social relations. If I differ with him at all, and I am not sure that I do, it is only in my estimate of the *relative effectiveness* of the different available agencies. He seems to fear too active experimenting in physics and its applications, but not in sociology, for when he is dealing with the latter field he says, "We need not fear that we shall progress too fast. The overwhelming danger is that we shall not be able to progress fast enough."

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My own reason for exactly reversing this emphasis is very precisely stated by him in the following words: "But social science to-day is still lacking in the fundamental groundwork of knowledge. It is still too largely based upon inspiration rather than upon facts." My own position stated in one sentence is that all progress comes from knowledge, and I am enthusiastically for everything that increases knowledge, whatever be the field, sociology or physics, and for acting upon that knowledge when found. But it is as unsound to talk about the danger of too much knowledge in physics as in sociology.

For look farther at what is actually happening, at what kind of effort is to-day yielding the largest social returns. Without aiming directly at doing so, modern science and its applications have within the past fifty years actually produced the most profound and beneficial social changes that the world has ever seen. They have raised the average working man's wage in terms of actual buying power about fifty per cent in forty years, and that along with a twenty per cent decrease in his working hours. That is not everything, but it is the necessary first step, the indispensable foundation upon which all other kinds of building must rest. Also, according to recent "Carnegie" studies modern science and its applications have actually resulted in increasing the amount of reading done by the average man in Middle Town more than three hundred per cent, and this applies, too, to magazines like the *Atlantic Monthly* as well as to other grades of reading matter. Also, they have given the average man through the radio and the "movie" the opportunity for education and entertainment (partly abused, no doubt, but partly utilized; and in any case opportunity is a *sine qua non* to progress)—opportunity such as the common man never had before.

One continually hears complaints that our machine age, with its mass production, has ruined the life of the common man, that it has deadened and routinized labor and taken away the joy of craftsmanship. These protests are natural, because the man who is taken through a modern factory and does not look beneath the surface of things will easily gain such an impression. A very superficial glance at the Ford factory, for example, would seem to justify the worst charges that are made against our machine age, but to the man who is capable of seeing beyond his nose it is a very different picture that unfolds itself. This man sees not merely the 8,400 cars turned out each day by routine labor in the summer of 1929 by the Ford plant, but he looks beyond to see what these cars are doing to the life of the common man. He sees, in the first place, that these eight thousand cars are driven by roughly as many persons, and he realizes that driving a car in crowded streets is in itself a highly skilled occupation, which develops in large measure the qualities of sobriety, alertness, and intelligence. He contrasts the bleary-eyed, ruby-nosed old soak who thirty years ago sat on the driver's seat of the average cab in London or New York with the highly skilled chauffeur of to-day, alert, self-respecting, sober, intelligent, and well dressed. The change is striking and the improvement enormous.

Secondly, he sees that every one of those 8,400 cars turned out in one day has to be taken care of and repaired by an intelligent garage mechanic and "trouble man," a man who must understand the intricate mechanism of an automobile from top to bottom and from one end to the other, who must be able

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to find the difficulty no matter where it appears, and, more than that, who must know how to right it. No such requirement of expert knowledge, no such variety of stimulating activity, was ever the lot of any middle-age artisan, and no such demand for intelligence was ever made before upon so large a fraction of the population as is now made by our mechanical age.

Thirdly, he sees that all these 8,400 Ford cars turned out per day must be serviced by thousands of wide-awake, courteous, attractive service-station men —men who have taught the world as it has never been taught before that the maximum of success is definitely related to the maximum of cheerfully rendered service to one's fellows. He sees that back of these service station men are the refineries, with their expert staffs of chemists and physicists, and that back of these are the geologists and the seismologists and the radio engineers of the producing company, and so on without end.

As I read history the machine age taken in its entirety has actually freed, educated, and inspired mankind, rather than enslaved it! Even the few routine men who feed the machines in Mr. Ford's factory are less routinized and have shorter hours than the dumb agricultural drudge who hoed potatoes for twelve hours a day through all the history of the world before the machine age appeared.

But the far-seeing man will see even deeper than that. It is science and its applications that, through the Ford car and its like, have given to the average man and his family the opportunity for the broadening influences of travel, an opportunity that he is utilizing amazingly, too. It is science and its applications that, through the wonderful development of the art of communications, and through incredible stimulation and acceleration of trade and commerce, have knit the whole world together into a unity that makes war an anachronism. Much more important than treaties, I think, in abolishing war as an instrument of national policy is the growing recognition of the fact, taught in no uncertain language from 1914 to 1918, that in our modern scientific civilization war is no longer well adapted to the attainment of national ends. Let no man henceforth ever make the error of assuming that modern science made the last war. Rather was that war, let us hope, the last titanic struggle of militarism to escape the extinction foredoomed for it in a world motivated by modern science. The World War was surely not a sin of science.

Again, can science escape the responsibility for those twenty-six million lives lost during that war? That is a matter of opinion. Granted only that these people could all have got to the fighting line, which, mind you, was of wholly unprecedented length, I am not sure that, with only ancient man's weapons, the sword, the shield, and the spear, given the world's war issues to fight about, the thirteen million who died in battle might not have been even more; and without modern medical science the thirteen million civilian deaths would almost certainly have been augmented.

But that is after all not particularly important. The significant fact is one brought out by Mr. Fosdick himself when he says, "Stop the machines and half the people in the world would perish in a month." That is not an overestimate. Modern science undoubtedly made it possible for more than twice as many people to live comfortably in Eu-

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rope before the war as could otherwise have done so. Robert Fulton predicted in about the year 1800 A. D. that the time would come when England, then thought densely populated, would hold 10,000,000 souls. To-day she has five times that number. It was but a small fraction of these people, people who owed their very existence to science, who had been created by science, that lost their lives in the war. Had preceding generations abolished or slowed up science, more than this number would have died more miserably, *i. e.,* with greater suffering, for disease with science is bad enough, while without science it is hell.

Now the balance of this whole account shows scarcely a sin to be credited to science. Looked at in the large, I do not think there can be the slightest question that the only hope this world has of maintaining in the future a suitable balance between population and the food supply is found in science. That, in the last analysis, is mankind's greatest problem. Its solution alone, and there are the best of reasons for believing that in the long run it can be solved, is sufficient to warrant the fullest stimulation of both the biological and physical science that can in any way be brought about.

So far in my search for the sins of science I have failed to find her guility of the charges brought against her, but there is one to me very regrettable tendency in modern life for which science is probably to some extent at least responsible. I refer to the craze for the new regardless of the true, to the demand for change for the sake of change without reference to the consequences, to the present-day wide-spread worship of the bizarre, to the cheap extravagance and sensationalism that surround us, as evidenced by our newspapers, our magazines, our novels, our drama, our art in most of its forms, our advertising, even our education.

These are, I suppose, inevitable, though I hope transient, accompaniments of the stupendous *rate of change* that modern science and its applications have forced on modern life. The spirit of change has been caught *where its basis has been wanting*. In this particular our generation stands unique in all history, and it is difficult to see how the future can have any other period of such rapid change in store.

In the way he conducted his daily life, my grandfather is undoubtedly more remote from me than he was from the earliest man mentioned in recorded history. In the last analysis this change is primarily due to the introduction of the power machine as a substitute for animal muscle, for this includes everything that has come to this generation through the steam-engine, the dynamo, the automobile, the airplane, the telephone, and the radio. Add to this the change in mode of thought due to the new host of discoveries, primarily in physics and biology, and it is no wonder that our age has become infected, or better drunk, with the spirit of change. *In many fields no past time has known and no future time can know* so sudden and so complete a transformation, for the whole gamut of possibilities has been run through by our single generation. In woman's dress, for example, the limits are obviously zero and infinity, and whatever there is in between that has not been tried since 1900, isn't likely to be tried very soon, nor would it represent a very large change if it were, so that whatever zest and joy there be in something brand new and radically different in this domain has been tasted to

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the full by this generation, and will never be tasted in such completeness again.

In physics and its applications these changes have been made by men who were fully conversant with the past, men who knew the difference between perpetual-motion cranks and real discoverers, men who knew that the fully verified laws of the past must remain the laws of the future for the whole range of phenomena for which their correctness had been tested; in a word, men who knew that Einstein would have to contain the whole of Newton, *i. e.*, be merely a refinement of, and supplement to, Newton or else that his work would be wrong. But unfortunately many of the other fields in which the spirit of change is rife have no such criteria for past or present truth as physics possesses and no such group of well-trained, capable, and historically informed minds working in them, so that in these fields we cannot be certain whether the changes represent progress or retrogression. In such cases, however, the counsel of the wisest heads of the past is the only possible guide for the present.

Be that as it may, I suppose that the present spirit of revolt, of change for the sake of change, the present effort for the new at all costs, the bizarre, the extravagant, the sensational is in part an inevitable reflex of the rapid changes taking place in our times because of the rapid growth of science. When I go into an exhibition of the so-called secessionists in art in Germany I feel certain that I am in a madhouse, or when I read the literature poured forth by what Mr. Stuart Sherman called the emetic school of modern American writers, I dislike to admit that these modern excrescences of our civilization are a part of the sins of science, but I suspect the spirit of change which we have started has been partially responsible for them.

Yet I am not greatly disturbed even by these. The world will become sick of the emetic school in time. The actual method by which science makes its changes is becoming better understood. The demand for the saner popular books upon it is continually increasing. The remedy is in part at least in understanding it better.

As soon as the public learns, as it is slowly learning, that science, universally recognized as the basis of our civilization, knows no such thing as change for the sake of change, as soon as the public learns that the method of science is not to discard the past, but always to build upon it, to incorporate the great bulk of it into the framework of the present, as soon as it learns that in science truth once discovered always remains truth, in a word that evolution, growth, not revolution, is its method it will I hope begin to banish its present craze for the sensational, for the new regardless of the true, and thereby atone for one of the sins into which the very rapid growth of science may have tempted it.

But there is another side even to this admitted sin which will appeal to those of us who want to speed up social change, to those who feel that many of our laws and customs have actually become outgrown, that they were developed for, and were adapted to, the old civilization, not to the new. In many, many instances this view is undoubtedly correct, but here the sin just now admitted becomes a virtue. That the spirit of change is in the air obviously helps rather than hinders in the case of these needed social readjustments. The whole question however is, "Do we know enough yet to make any particular

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change?" The answer is sometimes yes and sometimes no.

In the latter case the new knowledge that is still needed is just as likely to come from further physical experimenting as from further social studies. The whole history of science shows that it is impossible to predict beforehand where a new bit of knowledge is going to fit in. The amazing thing about that history is the extraordinary rapidity with which each new advance in one domain actually finds its application in another. Physical knoweldge *is* social knowledge! Let us not then hold back anywhere in the search for knowledge. *Crescat Scientia, Vita Excolatur.*

There is one other sin that is charged against science concerning which I wish to say a word, namely the alleged sin of exalting the material at the expense of the spiritual.

If this means providing food and clothing and wholesome living conditions for millions upon millions of people who would otherwise die of starvation or otherwise drag out such miserable lives that their only recourse would be to dream of another life free from the miseries of this, then science must plead guilty.

The rise of science has undoubtedly filled mankind with a new vision of, a new hope for, and a new effort toward a better human existence than the world has known in the past. If this is exalting the material over the spiritual then she must again plead guilty.

The rise of science has undoubtedly shifted somewhat the relative emphasis of our thinking from individual-soul salvation to race salvation. If this is exalting the material, then she is again guilty.

But, as I myself use words, the foregoing facts do not mean the subordination of the spiritual to the material. I myself think that the aforesaid changes represent an increase rather than a decrease in what I call "spiritual values," *i. e.*, an increase in the essential spirit of the great teacher which was epitomized in the Golden Rule. The essence of Christianity is to be found, I think, in the altruistic teaching and living which Jesus felt to be his chief mission to spread on earth. I have no reason to think that this spirit is on the wane. Even the membership in the Christian churches, which are the chief stimulants of it, is increasing, and a civilization built upon modern science unquestionably demands its further increase. For as society becomes more and more complex civilization cannot endure at all save as the individual learns in ever increasing measure to subordinate his own appetites and impulses to the common good, to the group life wherever the two come into conflict. In other words, the development of the sense of social responsibility which, broadly speaking, is merely the spirit of the Golden Rule, or slightly differently stated, the stimulation of the "consciences, the ideals and the aspirations of mankind," must be done in ever increasing measure in a civilization which is growing more and more complex and interrelated under the influence of modern science.

So much for the practical side of the question. There is also a philosophic side. Science is sometimes charged with inducing a materialistic philosophy. But if there is anything which the growth of modern physics should have taught it is that such dogmatic assertiveness about the whole of what there is or is not in the universe as was represented by nineteenth-century materialism is unscientific and unsound. The physicist has had the bottom knocked out of his generali-

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zations so completely that he has learned with Job the folly of "multiplying words without knowledge" as did all those who once asserted that the universe was to be interpreted in terms of hard round soulless atoms and their motions. The Oxford biologist John Scott Haldane has recently written "materialism, once a scientific theory, is now the fatalistic creed of thousands, but materialism is nothing better than a superstition on the same level as belief in witches and devils."

The best possible cure for materialism is the following chapter from the recent history of physics. A hundred years ago, physics consisted of six distinct, sharply separated departments: Mechanics, Molecular Physics, Heat, Sound, Light, Electricity. The first partition between these compartments to be broken completely down was that between heat and molecular physics, when about 1850 heat was found to be not a substance, as had been supposed, but simply molecular motion. The next discovery was that radiant heat and light were not different categories of phenomena but essentially the same phenomenon, that they were both ether waves identical save for wave length. The next great discovery, made by Maxwell and Hertz, was that electric wave phenomena are indistinguishable from light and heat save for wave length, and all these phenomena of radiant heat, light and electric waves then became fused under the general heading "ether-physics," still sharply separated from matter-physics and also from current electricity.

The next partition to go was that between current electricity and matter-physics, when electric currents were found to be the motions of electrons. But one partition then remained, that between ether-physics and matter-physics. Quite recently this too is gone, and matter and ether waves are fused together in Einstein's equation and ether and matter become indistinguishable terms. Electrons are now both particles and waves, and light waves are also corpuscles. What does it all mean? Simply that there is an interrelatedness, a unity, a oneness about the whole of nature, and yet still an amazing mystery. Is it at all likely in the light of that history that we can long maintain air-tight compartments separating ether (or matter, whichever you will) from life and mind?

Now another finding of modern physics! With astonishing rapidity within the past twenty years man has extended his vision. He has looked inside the atom, a body one-millionth the diameter of a pin head, and found an infinitely small nucleus one-ten-thousandth the diameter of the atom and arranged about it as many as 92 electrons (in uranium) each playing its appropriate rôle in a symmetrical, co-ordinated atomic system. He has then looked inside that nucleus and counted in uranium exactly 238 positives and 146 negatives, and he has found that the atom changes to something else if any one of these positives or negatives drops out. He has watched the interplay of radiation upon these electrons, both within the nucleus and out of it, and found everywhere amazing orderliness and system. He has learned the rules of nature's game in producing the extraordinarily complicated spectrum of a substance like iron, for example, and it is, in Sommerfeld's phrase, unbelievable *zauberei* (magic) that these complicated rules never fail to predict exactly the observed results. Again, man has turned his microscope upon the living cell and found it even more complex than the

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atom, with many parts each performing its function necessary to the life of the whole, and again he has turned his great telescopes upon the spiral nebulæ a million light years away and there also found system and order.

After all that, is there any one who still talks about the materialism of science? Rather does the scientist join with the psalmist of thousands of years ago in reverently proclaiming "the Heavens declare the glory of God and the Firmament sheweth his handiwork." The God of Science is the spirit of rational order and of orderly development, *the integrating factor in the world of atoms and of ether and of ideas and of duties and of intelligence.* Materialism is surely not a sin of modern science.

I have thus found Science "not guilty" of most of the specific counts raised against her. But after this defense I am ready to go back to the quotation from Mr. Fosdick and join him in raising precisely the question he there asks. For in the last analysis that question is merely whether for any reason whatever, scientific or non-scientific, mankind, or more specifically this particular generation of Americans has the moral qualities that make it safe to trust it with the immensely increased knowledge and the correspondingly increased power which has come into its possession. I join him in throwing out that question as a challenge to our generation, for there can be no doubt that our generation has been getting hold of the sources of knowledge and of power at a rate such as no generation of the past has ever known, and so far at least as mechanical power is concerned such as no generation of the future is likely to know.

I am not in general disturbed by expanding knowledge or increasing power, but I begin to be disturbed when this comes coincidently with a decrease in the sense of moral values. If these two occur together, whether they bear any relationship or not, there is real cause for alarm.

There are certain disturbing indications in America just now of such a coincidence. I will mention but two of them: the one is the obvious effort at the deflation of idealism, the ridiculing of the existence of such a thing as a sense of duty or of social responsibility, not, thank God, by scientists; but rather by a group of American writers which is apparently trying to create something brand new in morals; and the second is the apparently increasing lawlessness just now characteristic of American life. When we have now, and have had for twenty years, *i. e.,* for a time long antedating the advent of prohibition, sixteen times the number of murders per thousand of population that is found in England there is some reason for alarm. Where individuals in sufficiently large numbers are willing to destroy the basis of confidence in themselves by refusing to be governed by the rules which they themselves, with the aid of their recognized and duly established and agreed upon machinery, have set up, then obviously the foundations of civilization are being completely undermined. If that spirit coexists with the destructive possibilities brought forth by modern science the danger is very great. The remedy, however, is obviously not to try to hold back the wheels of scientific progress, but rather to use every available energy, religious, social, educational, as individuals, as groups, and as a nation, to stay the spread of the spirit of selfishness, lawlessness, and disintegration. That, I take it, is essentially the challenge of Mr. Fosdick's book, and in that challenge I am quite ready to join with him.

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# Romance of the Machine

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
Author of "From Immigrant to Inventor" and "The New Reformation"

"MACHINE CIVILIZATION" is a favorite topic of several noted European writers. They have nothing good to say for it. Some of them write of it as an American plague, which is invading Europe and threatening to undermine its ancient culture. "Americanism" is the name which these writers frequently give to this new civilization, and Americanism, in their opinion, is sordid materialism. This is indeed a severe indictment of the ideals of our democracy. But are these European critics qualified to interpret American life and its ideals? Is their indictment supported by evidence from American history, or by evidence against American science and engineering, which they hold responsible for the evils of the so-called Machine Civilization?

Every thoughtful student of American history knows that Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and the other fathers of this country were idealists of the highest type. History has no greater idealist than Lincoln, the leader of American idealists in a struggle for a noble cause. Is it possible that these American idealists have founded a nation of sordid materialism? The history of America to the close of the Civil War answers this question with an emphatic "No!" What calamity, then, has happened since the days of Lincoln to drag this nation into the mire of materialism?

One of the most memorable events in the history of America since the Civil War is the well-known movement for higher intellectual endeavor. It started in 1863, when, with the sanction and support of Lincoln, the National Academy of Sciences was founded. Joseph Henry, Frederick Barnard, William Draper, Andrew White, Daniel Gilman, and several other idealists of the Academy were its spiritual leaders. Johns Hopkins University, founded in 1876, is its earliest visible record. The programme of the founders of this university was brimful of idealism; it is to-day the programme of all American universities. The universities are the guardians of idealism in all our higher intellectual endeavors. The idealism of science fostered in the research laboratories of the American universities has gradually been transplanted to the research laboratories of our industries. Our industrial leaders were quick to discover that the cultivation of scientific idealism in our universities and in the industrial research laboratories was the most effective means of advancing the creative power of American industries. They gave hearty support to the idealist in the research laboratories of our universities. This idealist retained his independence, but he blazoned the path which the industrialist followed. The leadership of scientific activity has remained in our universities throughout this period of the organization of our higher intellectual endeavors. These universities are responsible if during this period American civilization has become



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a mere machine civilization drifting away from the ideals of the fathers of the country, of Lincoln, and of the other idealists who inaugurated our movement for higher intellectual endeavors. But the responsibility of the universities rests upon the shoulders of their disciples, the scientists and the engineers. They have preached and practised what they have believed to be the doctrine of scientific idealism. Has their doctrine misled this nation into the mire of sordid materialism? "It has," say the European critics of our civilization, "because it has created the worship of a heathen idol—the 'machine.' " These critics take no pains to prevent the inference that the materialism of the machine is the most important offspring of our national movement for higher intellectual endeavors. If their contention is true, then our boasted movement for higher intellectual endeavors has produced a result diametrically opposite to that sought by its spiritual leaders; the dream of Joseph Henry, of Barnard, and of other American idealists of a half century ago has vanished into thin air; their ideals have been dispelled by the everlasting clatter of the American machine, the alleged idol of American science and engineering.

American scientists and engineers deny that these European critics of our civilization are qualified to interpret the real meaning of the American machine or of any other machine. These critics display to the disciplined eye of the American engineer a wofully scanty scientific training; their ideas about the mission of machines in the shaping of terrestrial life, and in the guidance of the destiny of man, are vague, to say the least. Perhaps they would have a different story to tell if they knew a little more of the scientific side of the subject which they delight in discussing without the slightest hesitation or reserve. A study of the origin of the "machine" may, I hope, help to persuade these critics to reconsider their sweeping condemnation of the civilization which America has created with the machine's aid. I venture now to give them a brief story of the machine. The story of the primordial machines which nature constructed and has employed since the first dawn of life on this terrestrial globe must be told first. These are the primordial structures the operations of which suggested to the inventive genius of man the use of machines as developed by modern science and engineering.

### THE COSMIC ENGINE

The most significant physical fact in the life of our planet is its motion through the vast energy stream of solar radiation. From this stream it inhales its breath of life. The sun-worship of the ancients testifies that long before science began to guide human experience man had recognized the existence of this relationship between solar radiation and terrestrial life. But in the sun-worship of ancient Asia and Greece man expressed his belief that herbs and fruits, the food for man and beast, were the only blessings which solar radiation brought to terrestrial life. Modern science has revealed that there are other blessings which solar radiation has stored up and is storing up for the benefit of man. Among these blessings are the stores of energy in wood, coal, and oil. We know to-day that this energy was destined to mould the structure of human civilization.

But energy and its power are modern concepts, whose full meaning became known when modern science had pene-

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trated more deeply into the physical activities which guide the course of human history. This science revealed that the trustiest servant in these activities is the available energy which solar radiation has provided in the vast storehouses of our globe. The steam-engine, invented a little over one hundred and fifty years ago, supplied the earliest illustration of this new knowledge, the foundation of our modern industrial progress, and of the civilization which this progress has created.

It is difficult to form a comprehensive view of our modern civilization without some knowledge of the modern science of energetics. This science reveals a view of the physical universe which was unknown even as recently as two centuries ago. It is a universe of vast energy streams of stellar radiation fed by the energy sources of the luminous stars, including our central star, the sun. These energy streams fill every nook and corner of the universe with radiant energy, some of which will some day and somewhere become the breath of life of organic structures. There is no idle vacuum anywhere in the universe so long as these stellar energy sources are in action; but should they dry up, their radiation streams of energy would dry up, and the physical universe would be as dead as the deadest grave of ancient Egypt. The countless stars then would be just so many graves in the lifeless cosmic vacuum. Stellar radiation is the visible evidence of a living universe.

With this view of the universe one cannot fail to recognize that the energy stream of solar radiation is the primary source of physical power in the evolution of terrestrial life. This thought is forcibly impressed upon us when we contemplate the most striking features of the face of our mother earth. They are the lofty levels of the continents towering high above the ocean levels; the garb of vivid green which clothes the hillsides and valleys filled with the joys of organic life; the all-enveloping ocean of the terrestrial atmosphere. These terrestrial features exhibit a structure which, as if designed by a power engineer, is splendidly adapted for the work of harnessing the energy of solar radiation. A part of this energy is absorbed by the terrestrial atmosphere, and supplies the driving power which propels the trains of clouds loaded with the products of solar action upon the terrestrial waters. This precious load of water vapor lifted on high by solar radiation and driven by the atmospheric currents to the lofty continental levels, ultimately yields to the gravitational force. It descends upon the earth, and starts the missionary journey which carries its life-sustaining fluid to the thirsty hillsides and valleys. The scientific mind cannot fail to see in this cosmic operation the action of a cosmic engine which derives its driving power from the fires of our central star, the sun. The suggestion that a prosy machine, fed by the fires of the solar furnace, forms the foundation of the creative processes of our mother earth will perhaps shock the sensibilities of an æsthetic soul. Such a soul delights in the poetic fancy of the ancients, who saw in our central star a radiant sun-god bestowing upon terrestrial life the gifts of his benevolence. Not less shocking to some æsthetic souls is the story of science which says that countless terrestrial machines constructed by nature's hand are fed by this gigantic cosmic engine and that all of them are eternally busy in the upbuilding of life on our terrestrial globe.

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### PRIMORDIAL TERRESTRIAL MACHINES

Behold now the second striking feature of our mother earth, the hillsides clothed with the garb of vivid green of the flourishing forests! Each one of their countless millions of trees bristles with enormous multitudes of busy leaves inhaling the breath of activity from the life-giving energy of solar radiation. Each leaf is like a suppliant hand imploring heaven for the blessings of its radiation streams. Here we are witnessing one of the most important of the fundamental physical processes in the evolution of organic life on our mother earth. Each leaf with its green chlorophyl is kept busy by the stimulating action of the ultra-violet light of solar radiation; absorbing the molecules of carbon dioxide of the atmosphere; breaking these molecules up into carbon and oxygen; retaining the carbon and releasing the oxygen. This is the carbon which the tree needs for its bodily structure, and this is the oxygen which replenishes the power of our atmosphere to sustain animal life. No other physical process is more important in the evolution of terrestrial life than this separation of oxygen from carbon in the molecules of our atmosphere. In no other terrestrial process do we see in action so vast a number of machines employed in a mass production in comparison with which the mass production of human mortals is a vanishingly small affair. The physical activity of our "Machine Civilization" is a tiny and crude copy, only, of the activity of nature's primordial machines.

When the word "machine" is used in this connection it is not used as a mere figure of speech. The bodily structure of a tree is a machine, because it provides for the life processes of the tree suitable channels, just as the steel structure of the steam-engine provides for the flow of steam suitable channels in which, by its pressure and expansion, it can do useful work. But the bodily structure of the tree is a self-made and self-repairing machine. The life processes in its channels perform two different kinds of useful work. One product of its work is the fruit of the tree, food for man and beast; the other product is the carbon stored up in the body of the tree. This carbon represents a definite amount of solar energy which can be obtained by burning up the wood, that is by reuniting the carbon in the body of the tree with the oxygen of the atmosphere from which it had been divorced by the action of the chlorophyl when the tree was formed.

### THE TERRESTRIAL STOREHOUSES OF ENERGY

Who can look at the genial flame of his fireplace without seeing in the burning log a new life rising as if by a resurrection from the organic life which the axe of the woodman had terminated long ago. This second life of the tree is short and sweet; it is a rejoicing of the carbon molecules in the reunion with their loving partners, the oxygen molecules of the atmosphere. When this brief rejoicing is over the energy stored up in the body of the tree is gone, and nothing remains but a few handfuls of ashes. They remind us of the self-made machine which served a useful purpose not only when it provided the life processes of a tree with suitable channels, but also after it was scrapped by the blows of the woodman's axe. Here is a machine which has two beautiful lives. During its first life it adorned the face of our mother earth, and supplied sweetness to the nurture of man and beast; during its

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second life it carried to our fireside the beauties and comforts of its genial flame. Here is a machine which is a thing of beauty and a joy forever; it should remove the taint of materialism which some people attach to the word "machine."

A similar story can be told of every herb and of every blade of grass, and of every animal on earth; their material bodies are machines which provide suitable channels for the physical processes of life. A by-product of these processes is the increase of available terrestrial energy like that stored up in the carbon of a tree. A practically infinite number of these terrestrial machines, constructed by the patient and experienced hand of nature, is eternally busy giving comfort and joy to the present generation and storing up available energy for the comfort and joy of future generations. A vast deposit of energy thus stored up was hidden during millions of years in the bosom of mother earth. To-day these deposits are precious treasures of man; they aid him in his efforts to make human life worth living.

### THE HIDDEN TREASURES OF ENERGY

Coal and oil are the earthly remains of scrapped machines constructed by the hand of nature many æons ago, and employed for aiding the life processes in the vegetable and animal kingdoms of our globe. The scrapping was not the work of the human hand, like that of the woodman and his axe; it was the work of terrestrial cataclysms which buried the bodies of prehistoric animals of the sea and land, and of terrestrial forests. Their graves were hidden in the deep recesses of the earth. Water and air were not admitted into these guarded graves, to indulge there their action of wasteful decay. The buried bodies rested in a peace incomparably longer than that of Tutankhamen in his royal grave. Delivered from their graves, they live again when the carbon of their molecules joins in happy wedlock with their former partners, the oxygen molecules, from which they were separated long before Adam began to pass his days of blissful idleness in the garden of Eden. The excavations which discovered those ancient graves of prehistoric organic structures, transformed into coal and oil, were more precious to laboring humanity than the excavations of ancient Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and Greece. These latter have revealed to man the glories of past civilizations, and they have an inestimable value. But the excavations which have brought to the terrestrial surface the carbon stored up in the scrapped machines which many æons ago were storing up available energy for a future civilization have even a greater value for the destiny of mankind. Their existence is a prophecy of what this future civilization promises. We have every reason to hope that it will be more glorious than any civilization which the world has ever seen. The countless primordial machines of nature, energized by our central star ever since terrestrial life began, would have accomplished nothing if they had not taught man how to employ their methods of operation and their products of available energy for the accomplishment of greater achievements than any which were possible without such methods. But they have taught him, and man has taken his lessons from nature ever since the light of reason became the guiding light of his life. One of the earliest evidences of these lessons is in Job's epic:

"But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.

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"Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee."

Job knew that the language of nature is an inexhaustible source of understanding; that man must learn it, and that to those who know its meaning it will reveal counsel and understanding.

### MACHINES INVENTED BY MAN

An open-minded and unprejudiced interpretation of the language of nature is the primary object of science. It leads to an understanding which gives us glimpses of the eternal truth, and truth makes us free. This freedom is a deliverance not only from the burdens of ignorance, but also from the burdens of physical labor to which man was condemned when God said to Adam:

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." As soon as man understood the language of nature, addressed to him by her operations of the cosmic engine, he began to evolve the structure of the steam-engine. In this invention we see a glimpse of the eternal truth which enabled man to free himself not only from the errors of the belief in a *perpetuum mobile,* but also from some of the hardships of physical labors. The inventor planted the seed of hope in the soul of man that some day he would work out his salvation from the burdens of Adam's original sin; that hope is stronger to-day than ever before.

The invention of the steam-engine gave man a crude copy only of the cosmic engine. The mind of man, and his awkward hand, can never do more than make a crude copy of nature's subtle ways. The energy of the flame under the boiler of the engine is a morsel of the solar energy stored up in the carbon of nature's scrapped machines—wood, coal, and oil. The flame is a tiny terrestrial offspring of the solar flame of the cosmic engine. The duty assigned to it by the inventor is the same as that of the solar-energy stream when it lifts on high the water vapors of the terrestrial oceans. Expansions and condensations perform similar functions in one as in the other. The comparison could be carried farther for the purpose of pointing out in greater detail the resemblance between the engine invented by man and its cosmic prototype. But enough has been said to trace the steam-engine and its operations to their celestial origin, the cosmic engine. Remember that and you will speak with reverence of the heaven-born steam-engine and its operations.

The steam-engine is the earliest source of the man-invented power which propels the material progress of our modern civilization. Let us stop for a moment and glance at the speed of this progress. In the beginning of the nineteenth century there were barely half a dozen steam-engines in the United States; to-day there are hundreds of thousands. The gas-engine, the offspring of the steam-engine, was born less than seventy years ago, but already there are over twenty millions of them carrying comfort and joy to the American home. The steam-engine and its offspring, the gas-engine, have called into existence other machines to aid them in supplying the moving power to our civilization.

The mission of the cosmic engine is to supply energy to the life processes in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; similarly the mission of the steam-engine, and of its progeny, the gas-engine, is to supply the power of action to countless other machines invented by man for the purpose of guiding the progress of human society. Among these creations

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of man's inventive genius the electrical machines occupy a place of honor. These machines, like those which supply them with the power of action, are also of celestial origin. The observing eye of Franklin deciphered the message of nature's thundering voice whenever the dazzling lightning pierced its fiery path from cloud to cloud, or from cloud to earth. The deciphered message disclosed to him the secret of the irresistible power of moving electricity. The disclosure of this secret guided the genius of man to the invention of the electrical machines, the offspring of the heavenly lightning. Moving matter and moving electricity were thus harnessed into the service of man. The harness in each case is a machine which has its origin in the heavens above. Each is a gift from heaven presented to man as a reward for his diligent study of the language of nature. Moving matter in the steam-engine and in its offspring, the gas-engine, and moving electricity in the electrical machines, supply the propelling force to our modern civilization. The energy of their motion feeds upon the energy morsels which solar radiation brought from heaven to earth, and which the earth stored up as coal and oil in the guarded depths of her bosom. These stored-up treasures waited millions of years until nature's lessons taught man how to use them. It is unthinkable that man, aided by these heaven-born machines, and by the celestial energy which drives them, and guided by the hand of loving nature, should use all these heavenly gifts for the purpose of creating a civilization which will fill the soul of mankind with sordid materialism. Even the blackest pessimist should revolt against so gloomy a picture of modern progress.

Modern civilization is called Machine Civilization, because the name connotes its most obvious physical characteristics. The name was invented and it is used always by writers who have an ill-concealed contempt for the "machine" and for the civilization which it has produced. Machine civilization has, it is true, reached its highest development in this country, and we are, therefore, accused of sordid materialism, of a worship of the machine. It is the worship of a heathen idol, our European critics tell us, and they hold our scientists and engineers responsible for the spread of this heathen worship.

Let us assume that this worship exists, but why is it a worship of heathen idols? Look at the pious peasant, kneeling by the roadside to pray before the wooden image of Christ crucified. It is not the wood and the paint of the image, but the spirit of Christ, which he worships—the spirit which brings him closer to God and assures him that he is the child of a loving creator. It is not the material machine and its material service, but the spirit behind them which the scientists and the engineers worship. This spirit has brought them closer to the bosom of mother nature whence it was revealed; a revelation which assures them that nature loves them and will guide them in their efforts to contribute to the evolution of a higher civilization, if they will but learn to understand her language. The machine is the visible evidence of the close union between man and the spirit of the eternal truth which guides the subtle hand of nature.

This is the spirit which inspired Galileo, Newton, Faraday, and other patient students of the language of nature. They laid the foundation of the machine civilization, to the superstructure of which this country has contributed so much. "Yes," say our European critics, "you have contributed much to the super-

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structure, but what contributions have you made to its foundation? You make the machine, but you make no discoveries in abstract science; the useful attracts you, the abstract has no charm for your utilitarian mind." The answer to this charge is obvious. Franklin made a great discovery when his kite brought the lightning to earth and showed us that lightning is a motion of electricity carrying with it an irresistible power. Franklin had a practical mind, but he never hesitated to turn his thoughts to abstract problems of science. Benjamin Thompson, a practical Yankee engineer, was the first to show by experiment that heat is a form of energy obtainable from other forms of energy. The method suggested by his experiments was employed in the first demonstration that a given quantity of heat corresponds to a definite quantity of mechanical work. Thompson's practical turn of mind did not prevent him from thinking effectively about one of the most abstract scientific problems of his time. Joseph Henry discovered the momentum of moving electricity, a discovery which taught the world how to make an induction coil, thus aiding the physicists of our generation in such epoch-making discoveries as those of electrical waves and X-rays. William Draper's discoveries contributed a lion's share to the science of radiation when, eighty years ago, this great science was still in its infancy. Josiah Willard Gibbs of Yale discovered a new science, the science of Physical Chemistry. He is often called the Newton of this science. It was the solution of so abstract and novel a problem in science that not even Gibbs's most learned colleagues at Yale of fifty years ago understood its full meaning; the learned German professors needed over fifteen years to discover its great importance. There was not a single utilitarian thought in this historic essay entitled "The Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances." To-day it is the foundation of one of the most beautiful among modern sciences; it has revolutionized chemical philosophy. Michelson, a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and an engineer by training, gave to the world the first accurate determination of the velocity of light. He also demonstrated that this velocity does not change with respect to the observer when both the observer and the source of light are moving together through space. These experimental achievements certainly dealt with one of the most abstract problems in science. They were the foundation upon which Einstein's philosophy built the wonderful structure of Relativity. This list of American discoverers could be considerably extended; it covers a part of the physical sciences only and does not include the American achievements in abstract sciences during the last forty years. But the above list of contributors alone should convince even the most pessimistic critic that America has contributed a very creditable share to the world of abstract science. It might have perhaps contributed even more, if it had devoted more attention to problems of abstract science and less to concrete problems the solution of which leads to the birth of a new machine. But the rapid growth of the United States demanded this; it needed sorely the aid of machines.

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# Procedure

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Author of "Out of Gloucester," etc.

MARDEN glanced at the calendar above the chart-table. He tapped a date thereon with his pencil, the day on which they would be back to their naval base—if all went well.

A pleasant thought—to be getting back home after a submarine cruise. It was instructive—submarine service, a necessary experience to the young officer who would round out his professional training; and also, of course, there was the extra pay, an important item to a young married naval officer with no outside source of income. Yet it was a relieving thought that soon he would have it behind him.

Marden left his chart-table for another peek through the periscope; what he saw again was the open sea, his own and the three other subs of the flotilla steaming in line abreast of the mother ship.

The mother ship had survived from a class designed by a shore-going motor-car genius for the Big War emergency; and she looked it—a wall-sided contraption with a silhouette like a jigsaw puzzle. Merely to have to look at her was a pain to Marden's seagoing eyes.

The mother ship was rolling down her high slab sides to the slow swell, a swell that Marden did not like the look of. Too long, too sluggish, altogether too oily-looking it was; not a fleck of white water in a league of it. Wind soon to come or wind recently gone by was what such a swell meant; and as no wind to speak of had been met with since putting out from Panama Bay, wind soon to come it must be.

Marden came back to his chart-table, wishing he knew where he was. Submarines manœuvring offshore have to depend on the mother ship for their position; but for two whole days now the sky had been too cloudy for a shot at the sun, and the two nights in between hadn't furnished enough light for even a squint at some worth-while star; and so, to Mason's inquiry as to their position, Marden could only guess that they were off the Mexican coast with their Gulf of California rendezvous somewhere northeasterly.

Mason was the other commissioned officer of the submarine. He was an ensign, two years out of Annapolis, age twenty-four. Marden was a junior lieutenant, age twenty-nine. Submarines are peculiarly the business of young men. The oldest man in the crew was a bosun's mate named Laughlin. He was forty-five.

From Mason in the conning-tower came down word that it looked like some kind of a storm approaching. Officers in the submarine service do not run much to fuss and feathers. Marden was in dungarees and he was also bareheaded. He donned his officer's cap, his sole symbol of authority, and ascended the ladder to see about the storm.

There was no doubt of a coming storm; a tropic hurricane most likely. The heavens had gone black, the air was beginning to smell like something decaying.

The wind came, plenty of it; and rain, truly tropical rain; rain so nearly solid



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that Marden lost sight of the next ship in line.

The rain ceased and Marden found himself alone on the ocean; that is, he could see no ship's light anywhere; as to that the entire flotilla might have been not too far away and still he might not see it. It was only quarter past six, not yet night by the clock, but it was more like midnight for all the light there was.

The rain had served to flatten down the sea. When the rain ceased, the sea began to make—which Marden did not mind, knowing of old what a great little sea-boat a submarine is. Seas might wash over her, but she lay too low in the water for them to damage her much. He did fear that the two men working around what passed for a deck on her might be washed over the side, and so he ordered them below, instructing them to go by way of the forward hatch and to secure the hatch after them.

Now let her blow and let her roll!—his little ship was tight and safe as a corked bottle. His only immediate fear was that the sub next in line and his own might come together and try to climb over each other in the unnatural blackness. He pondered that possibility, wondered what he could do about it. His ship was the oldest class in service; she had wireless-sending gear, such as it was, but no radio except an inferior receiving-set. He could wireless the mother ship for permission to heave to or swing clear of the sailing course—being on the right flank he could swing out with no great danger of collision.

Marden imagined himself sending that request and the flotilla C. O., Lieutenant-Commander Insell, receiving it. A martinet for what he called regular procedure was Insell. It would be like him to answer, the whole flotilla listening in: "Got your orders, did you? Well, orders are orders, things to be obeyed, not questioned by subordinates." It would be something like that; and so, at ten knots' speed, giving up for the moment his notion of appeal, Marden continued to hold to the course given out by the mother ship before the storm.

At midnight, when the new watch came on, Marden was still in the conning-tower. He had no longer much fear of running into the next ship in line—after those hours of black steaming they would hardly still be in anything like close formation; but their course before the storm had been northeast, half east, which meant landward, and he did not like this steaming landward on a black night and not knowing just where he was. Too many things could happen. Let the mother ship, a notoriously poor sea-boat, be disabled; let her radio fail her; let—oh, let any of a dozen things happen to her, and there would be the flotilla steaming on the same old course to only the Lord knew where for want of further orders.

Marden was liking the prospect less and less. He did hate to do it—but he had ship and his crew to look out for—he passed the word to Collen to raise the mother ship. Collen was the wireless operator.

Collen sent out the mother ship's call-number, and presently reported back that the mother ship was answering.

"Say to her—" began Marden.

It was just then she went ashore. There was a preliminary grinding, then the crash. She fetched up so suddenly that some of the crew were thrown down. She hung a moment, lurched forward, came to rest.

Marden glanced ahead and to each side of the ship, saw water all around him, reached for the telegraph-machine,

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rang for full speed astern. The engine-room responded instantly; but there was no budging the ship. She was there to stay by all the looks, with the seas breaking over her as over some half-tide rock.

Marden passed the word for Collen to send out an S. O. S. Back came the word that the wireless had gone out of commission.

A formidable little offensive weapon of war, a submarine; but defensively, only a shell of thin steel plates buttressed by infrequent bulkheads. When Marden dropped below to survey the damage done, he found both sides stove in forward, scores of bolts and rivets sheared off, plate seams opened the entire length of her. A foot of water was already sloshing around inside of her.

Her engines continued to turn, her electric lights to burn, but not for long. Marden had not finished his inspection of the ship when engines and dynamo went out of commission and she was in darkness. The water was then waist-deep in her; and Marden knew, as of course her crew knew, that soon the water would be to their necks.

Marden hailed all hands to the operating compartment, and there addressed them, saying quietly: "Men, I don't like to order you all to go on deck, because the seas are sweeping her clean up there, and to some of you it may seem safer to stay here. Stay here if you prefer, but she will be filled solid down here before long now; and to be drowned here—that's to die like a bilge-rat."

One by one they ascended the ladder, Marden counting them, twenty-two and himself, as they passed him in the dark. By right and duty of their rank, he and Mason were the last to leave below decks. The water was to Marden's chin when he set foot on the lower rung of the ladder.

Marden wiggled through the hatch to the conning-tower, and there took note of a few things. From off his starboard side, which should be the landward side, above the swish of the rolling seas, he could make out what sounded like the slow, heavy roar of surf rolling onto a flat beach. Whether that meant an island or the mainland he could not say; but there was at least a bit of land to cling to if they could make it.

Marden descended to the deck, which was no more than a low platform set up atop of her round-shaped hull, and hardly wider amidships than a long-armed man could span. At her ends, bow and stern, it was even narrower.

The crew were lying flat, gripping the edge of this platform to keep from being washed overboard. Marden took his place with them.

The submarine had evidently found a soft bottom among the rocks, and was steadily settling. The seas came rolling down on her submerged hull, and finding there only rounded sides and a flat low platform to surmount, they rolled right on over her. Marden noted that they were coming along in almost regular order. A half-dozen ordinary ones of equal height would roll up and then would come along a smasher.

An extra high one piled over them. In the wake of it came a stifled cry—a man was torn loose and washed to his death. Marden could make out the shadow of a man standing up aft and gazing out to leeward. The man lay down before the next high one might get him, too, but another man was taken, and then a third.

Marden was forward of the conning-tower, and the seas were coming quartering over her starboard bow. He stood up and shouted down the wind:

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"Fellows, it's no use trying to hang on here. This sea won't slack down for hours yet. We stay here and we'll all go one way. There's a beach not far from us, and a beach means land, and land means safety. Our ship is gone, and from now on it is every man's right to save his own life without waiting orders from me. In my judgment that beach is off our forward quarter—to starboard of course—one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards away. Now go to it, and good luck."

Most of the crew were dressed, like Marden, in dungarees and light underwear. Between two high seas, Marden pulled off his dungarees, kicked off his shoes, slipped off his socks and sleeveless undershirt. He then stood in knee-length cotton drawers. The crew followed his example—some stripped to the bare pelt.

"Wait for a high one to pass," shouted Marden.

Three or four of the men dived overboard after the next high sea had passed on. How they made out, there was no telling—the night being still too black to see far. Marden and the old bosun's mate—Laughlin—were lying side by side. "What are the others waiting for, Laughlin—why don't they go?" asked Marden.

"They're waiting for you, sir," said Laughlin.

"And I was waiting to be the last to leave my ship."

"You've no longer a ship, sir, and they're waiting for you to set 'em an example."

"I guess you're right. What kind of a swimmer are you, Laughlin?"

"In my best day I wouldn't call myself an Olympic champion, sir, and now——"

"I'm no champion either, but here goes. Good luck, Laughlin."

"Good luck, boy."

Marden was of medium height, and rather slender build, one of the least robust of all the ship's company, to look at. He dived overboard with the thought that he probably would never live to make the beach.

"Tough on Agnes and the babies if I don't make it," he murmured as he went over.

For a few yards Marden found the going not so difficult; then a high one caught him and buried him. He clamped his jaws, kicked and clawed, fought to keep from being swept backward, from being held too long under water. He came through that first smother in distress but still alive.

Holding his breath when forced under, gulping it out and in again when he emerged, he battled his slow way toward where he had guessed the beach would be.

There were moments when he thought he was done for, but men were always dying before their time—in their minds; and one way he intended never to die was that way—he kept on battling.

After what may have been ten minutes, or twenty, or an hour, he felt his feet touch bottom.

The surf was breaking high on the beach before him, and the back swash of it all but bore his weary body out into deep water again.

He dug his toes into the sand, dug his fingers in, tried to dig his knees and elbows in.

The undertow passed on and he was still there. He stood up and ran forward—he tried to run forward—what he did was to stumble forward before the back swash of the next roller could get a full chance at him.

He clung once more to the bottom—

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he was now only waist-deep, but it was a very flat beach and he was still some little distance from it. However, two more weary rushes and he made the sand beyond the tidal reach. He lay there on his belly, as good as dead to look at. He could see shapes of other men near by, as good as dead to look at also, and they too were probably wondering how many others had lived to make the beach.

Two bodies near him stirred, and one said to the other: "Jeepers, but that was tough goin'." The other sat up, then slowly stood up and made for the water, shouting over his shoulder: "Here's somebody. Come on, fuhlas, and give him a hand."

Marden stood up, staggered after the two men, helped them to land the struggler onto the high beach. That one lay there a moment, his nose in the sand, panting to get his breath. Presently he rolled over, murmuring: "What a battle! Boy, what a battle!" He peered about him, saying: "Seen anything of the skipper anybody? He went over before I did."

They lay quietly on the beach, those who had made it, until light began to creep over the sea. The sun shot up, hot and bright, from the sand-hills behind them. The tip of the submarine's conning-tower was all that showed above the rolling ocean.

Marden mustered his men, called the roll from memory. Twelve answered the roll-call.

Eleven good men gone! It was tough, but——

The survivors found themselves on an island, an island without a single habitation or sign of any growing thing except a few coarse spears of grass sticking up through the sand.

Through the haze to the eastward Marden could make out a high peak on what looked to be another island. From the ocean side of their island rose a steep-sided cliff. They climbed the land side of it, cutting their feet and hands, skinning their shins in the ascent. Two of the crew were dressed in full suits of underwear. Marden detailed them to serve as lookouts on the cliff, because, if they should sight a sail, they would have something to wave for a signal. The other men were almost naked or entirely so.

The tropic high sun was very hot on their bare bodies. To minimize the heat of it, they lay down on the beach and let the surf roll over them.

A far-off steamer was sighted, and then a sailing craft, but neither took note of the waving underwear of the lookouts on the cliff.

During the morning the sea moderated; and gently drifting onto the beach in the late afternoon came two bodies. They were Ensign Mason and the bosun's mate, Laughlin.

Marden set his men to searching for something wherewith to dig a grave. The best they could find were a few pointed pieces of driftwood and some sharp-edged stones.

It took a long time to dig a grave deep enough to hold the bodies safe from the wash of the surf. To Marden fell the duty, as ship's commander, of conducting the burial service. He was a religious but hardly a prayerful man. However, he knew the Lord's Prayer, and he repeated it reverently. He paused then, striving to recall something else to say. He resumed: "To Thee, O Lord, we commend the souls of Ernest Mason and Edward Laughlin, brave and loyal servants of their country." He choked up a little here, stopped to massage his throat —Mason was a good officer, and of Laughlin he had always been very fond;

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he concluded huskily: "They were good shipmates."

Night came, a clear night with a breeze that was cool for tropic latitudes. They burrowed under the dry sand of the high beach, shivering only a little until the sun came up again.

They were all pretty hungry, and more thirsty than hungry, though no one complained of being either. American bluejackets sometimes complain about nothing at all, but rarely of real privations. In the warmth of the morning sun they stretched their arms and legs, massaged stiff joints and muscles, cracked jokes about each other's awkward postures, looked to their commander for what next. He went down to the water's edge, bathed his face and neck, took a backward peek over the sand-hills to the mounting sun, and shouted in as cheerful a voice as he could summon: "A clear day ahead, fellows! Set the watch!" Without hesitation the two with the full suits of underwear climbed up the cliff.

Even by the middle of the forenoon the sun was hot; by early afternoon it was terrifically so. Without food and without water for two days, Marden feared for more than one among them. There were those whose skins were tanning like leather under the tropic sun; others were showing great watery blisters on their naked backs. However, they were all young and all hopeful, and taking it as men should, without complaining words or self-pitying gestures.

To keep their minds and bodies at least partly occupied, Marden set them the task of digging through the sand for water. They were at that work when they heard loud yells from the cliff. The lookouts were waving their underwear at something out to sea. All hands rushed after Marden to the top of the cliff.

They saw a north-bound steamer, a passenger-steamer by the look of her superstructure. By her funnel-markings Marden identified her as one of a coastwise line plying between United States and South American ports.

The steamer breasted their island, moved on past them. One among them began to mutter: "Some of those damn steamer lines—they wouldn't lose five minutes of their schedule to stop and take shipwrecked people off an island."

"Steady!" said Marden. "Steady awhile. She's one of a good line. They'll stop if they see us. We're only little specks against the sky, and a merchant ship doesn't carry as many lookouts as a navy ship. There!—she's spotted us! See the signal-flags going up!"

The steamer's bow turned, headed toward them. She hove to beyond the wreck of the submarine. A boat was lowered. Marden preceded his men down the cliff. The name Gallapagos was painted on the bow of the boat, and a young officer with a single gold stripe on his sleeve was in charge of it. The young officer looked over the shipwrecked crew, his eyes rested on Marden, who stood one pace in front of his men. "Lieutenant Marden?" he queried.

"I'm Lieutenant Marden."

"We have been picking up radios about your submarine. They are signed Insell. He says——"

"Do you mind," interrupted Marden, "if you get my men aboard your ship, and save that radio stuff for later?"

"Sure not," responded the young ship's officer heartily; "sure not, although"—he eyed the naked men on the beach, glanced over his shoulder toward his ship—"there's a lot of wimmen passengers lookin' over the rail, and——"

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"I see 'em," returned Marden testily, "but is there any Regulation requiring them to man your ship's rail while shipwrecked men are coming over your side? If there is, let 'em! But get my men aboard your ship now, please. Some need medical attention right away."

Glasses had been trained on them from the bridge of the *Gallapagos*. Stewards appeared on the promenade-deck and shooed the women passengers below decks, and so Marden and his men filed up the ship's ladder without scandal to the ship's third officer.

The ship's doctor met them at the gangway. Said Marden: "Some of my men require immediate attention. Will you——"

"I got you," interrupted the doctor. "They shall be looked after."

Having seen his men attended to, Marden accepted a stateroom from the chief steward, a bathrobe from the captain, a cool, stimulating drink from the doctor. The doctor also brought Marden a wireless message from Commander Insell, prefacing the delivery of it with: "Our captain radioed that he had picked you and eleven of your men off that island, and then we got this."

Marden read: *"You will report with rescued men to me as soon as practicable. Insell."*

Marden communed with himself for a few moments and wrote in answer: "Several men in bad shape. Should be allowed to remain aboard here for further medical treatment."

Marden availed himself of a proffered shave, a bath, and a light and nourishing meal. While at his meal, the doctor, playing nurse as well as physician to Marden, entered with a wireless message, which read:

*"Naval regulations require that officers and men of a wrecked ship report immediately to nearest superior officer on duty. Insell."*

Here was something to take notice of. It was in effect a command. Not to obey it would be a breach of discipline; and the backbone of all military efficiency was discipline; and apart from the matter of efficiency, to disobey an order in the service was to court professional disaster. Marden could recall the name of more than one officer then holding down a shore job for failure to carry out a superior's order.

There was another argument in the case—to obey was always the prudent thing to do, even though the order meant calamity for all hands. Yet there had been occasions when to disobey an order would have been much the finer thing to do; it had happened that officers had ignored an order, gone ahead on their own, and come safe away. Officially chided they may have been, but privately applauded they had also been by the same superior who officially condemned.

Such incidents were rare, but even if they had never happened, here was his sick men to be considered, men who had shared a perilous service with him for months, men who had looked black death in the face without a tremor. They were his men, he was their officer; if he didn't safeguard them, who would?

"Hell," murmured Marden, "let 'em bilge me."

The ship's doctor was waiting to take the reply to Insell's message. Marden looked up at him. He seemed a friendly soul.

"Ever see that mother ship of ours, doctor, in your trips up and down the coast?"

"I never did."

"You haven't missed any treat. She's one of that eagle class. Every now and

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then somebody commits a maritime crime without having to walk the plank for it afterward. She's one. Give her half a seaway and she rolls her top-rails under. Give her a good seaway and she'll snap men out of their bunks into the passageways. Other ships roll, Lord knows, like destroyers say—I've been in one rolled 68 degrees—but they leave you with the feeling that they'll roll you safe back. But that mother ship of ours—I wouldn't send a sick dog aboard her—not a good dog. No sick-bay and no proper ventilating system below decks—imagine a gang of sick men below decks in her in a hot tropic climate—would you, as a doctor, recommend that my men be transferred to her?"

"I would not. It would be dangerous to at least two of them and do none of them any good."

"And it would mean how much loss of time from your schedule to make the transfer?"

"Eighteen hours or so."

"Would your captain like that?"

"He would not."

"Suppose I ask him to make the transfer?"

They looked at each other; and Marden saw that here was an intelligent as well as a friendly soul. The doctor smiled.

"He might, but not if I argued against it."

"And will you argue for or against it?"

"I certainly shall argue against it."

"Good night, procedure," murmured Marden, and wrote: *"Ship's doctor says dangerous to move men. This ship will deliver them at base hospital. Marden."*

The doctor sent the message, Marden finished his meal, and then, feeling terribly weary, rolled into his bunk and slept for fourteen hours.

Two days later the *Gallapagos* landed the rescued men at the naval base. Marden hurried to headquarters, submitted his report of the wreck—a brief, bald report—to the commandant, who read it, shook hands, and said:

"I guess you did all an officer could, Marden, but you will, of course, have to stand a court of inquiry for the loss of your ship."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"And if Insell sees fit to prefer charges of insubordination, and judging from a wireless received to-day from him he will do so, then you, of course, will have to answer his charges. But go home now to your wife and babies. For two days your ship was reported missing. Your wife presented a brave front, but she was pretty well shaken up just the same. Go home now, and forget about shipwrecks and court martials."

Marden had a wife and two children; one child of two and a half years, the other of five months. Because he was a naval officer, Marden and his wife were subject to certain social obligations. They had to have a maid, had to live in what was called a respectable residential district, had to reciprocate certain communal civilities—bridge, tea, and what-not parties.

Having a maid, paying out one-third of a man's pay for rent, providing for two children and dressing themselves half decently on a junior lieutenant's pay, left the Mardens with not much of the monthly pay-check after they had settled for their monthly bills, or tried to.

When he had come through his court of inquiry for the loss of his ship with flying colors, he hurried home to tell his wife the good news; after which he said: "And now, honey, how's the budget?"

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She was the household treasurer and a sensible soul in money matters. With their income, she had to be. She cast up the account:

"We owe the doctor one more instalment on the baby's account and two more instalments on that twin baby-carriage that I felt I had to buy while you were away. The other bills are paid to the end of the last month."

"That so? That's fine. And that leaves us how much?"

"There is twelve dollars and twenty-seven cents in the bank."

"Twelve twenty-seven, and I have two dollars and a dime, maybe two dimes, and a nickel in my pants' pocket, and you probably have two dimes for car-fare in your vanity-bag—that right? You're a great little manager to have two dimes left, I'll say. Guess I'll step down to the yard and have a friendly little talk with the paymaster. He'll maybe let me draw ahead to next pay-day."

He had the talk with the paymaster, who informed him that not only could he advance him nothing on his pay-account, but he might have to hold up his pay-account entirely.

"Hold up my pay? Why?"

"Commander Insell has preferred charges of insubordination against you."

"And do you think he'll get anywhere with 'em?"

"That's not for me to say. Washington will have to pass on them, and until you are clear of them I can't pay you. If I paid you and the charges were proven, I would have to reimburse the government out of my own pocket. Even if I were willing to take that risk, it would not be regular procedure for me to pay you."

"Ain't procedure wonderful sometimes?" murmured Marden; and he had a parley with a loan-shark who did a regular business with the indigents of the naval base. He explained his circumstances—he was an officer under fire. "I'm taking a chance," observed the shark, but agreed to advance the money.

Marden signed a thirty days' note for the full amount of his next month's pay, taking in cash therefor considerably less than that amount. Having thus insured his household against famine for one more month, he drew up a vigorous protest against his pay being held up, secured the commandant's indorsement, rushed it via air-mail to Washington.

Marden reckoned that in two weeks he would surely hear from Washington, but the ways of departments and bureaus are sometimes surprising to young officers. Two weeks rolled by. Another two weeks, which meant another pay-day, rolled by, and still no answer. By this time the old cheerful barnacles of the commandant's force were painting for Marden moving pictures of his protest being passed up from one flat-topped desk to another, each flat-top desk asking the next one below, "What's the dope on this thing anyway? Any precedent? No? Oh!" and laying it aside for another layer of dust to settle on it before handing it on to the next flat-top above.

At the end of his thirty days Marden gave the loan-shark a new note for the old one, the new one for two months' pay, the advance being less than the first one. He continued to sign new monthly notes, accepting less and less advance for each new note; and so it went until one day some flat-top in Washington with more intelligence or more authority, or perhaps more sympathy with a young officer's troubles, dug Marden's case out of the dust and put it through. The find-

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ing was that Lieutenant Marden be cleared of the charges of insubordination, that he be restored to full duty without loss of numbers or pay.

"A clear victory—you should be pleased," commented the paymaster.

"I'd be even more pleased," retorted Marden, "if they'd recommended reimbursement for the interest on the money I've been borrowing for the last six months at double rates."

Marden collected his back pay, squared the loan-shark, turned over to his wife what few dollars remained. He then sought out a chum on the commandant's staff—the staff boys always knew what was doing.

"I've got four months' sea duty to make up—what can I put in for?" asked Marden.

"How about a sub flotilla, or are you fed up on 'em?"

"I thought I was, but sometimes now I'm not sure. A great thing about subs is not having to wear any clothes aboard 'em. A fellow can get into dungarees before he's fairly clear of the dock, and keep 'em on till he's home again. New uniforms—they do take a bite out of a fellow's pay-account, don't they? And the low mess-bill on a sub—and the 25 per cent added pay—they sure do help out. No, I'm not fed up on subs, but I'm afraid my wife is. What about that sub flotilla? How long a cruise for 'em this time?"

"Eight months probably."

"Eight months? That's too long—my wife wouldn't stand for that. Where they bound that they're going to be gone that long?"

"It's being kept quiet, but they're going to Hawaii first, and then to the China station."

"China station? Wait a bit. Foreign service? I can draw two months' pay in advance for foreign service before I shove off, can't I? Wait a bit. Two months' pay with 25 per cent added pay for submarine service—my wife will have a chance to catch up on the bills. Tell the old man I'd like to put in for a sub, will you? And I'll go home and talk my wife into it."

Marden's wife wept a little, but for him, the man, there could be no easing through tears. His was the cheerful smile, the reassuring word:

"Sh-h, honey, sh-h. Don't be worried about those subs. You know about lightning never striking twice in the same place? Well, the same way with subs. There's no record in naval history of an officer being wrecked twice in a sub."

And so, having soothed his wife and kissed his babies, Marden took another sub to sea.

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# A Stampeder

## ALL IN THE DAY'S RIDING

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

Of all the happenings that's apt to make a cowboy white around the gills there's none that averages up with a stampeding horse, a horse that gets scared of his tail or his shadow and goes to bucking and running away blind. Not much of the cow country is level and I know of lots of it where you'd have to go some to keep your horse going faster than a walk. There's cliffs a hundred feet straight up, steep mountain sides a mile high and covered with fallen timber, big boulders, and all cut up with wash-out ravines that can't be seen for brush. A stampeding bronk in such places is going to warm up the coolest of riders.

I had a horse break away with me in a particular bad place one time. Not once did he look where he was going, instead he was looking back at me and snorting and kicking with every jump. I was the one that was doing the looking ahead, and every time I tried to bust him up the mountain he'd go to fighting his head. That old mountain was sure steep and I thought every second that my horse would roll over. Then I seen a big cut ahead, and we was heading straight for it.—Right now, I figgered, was a good time for me to dissolve partnership with the old pony. I knowed better than to set down on one rein and try to turn him because in such a place that would only caused him to fall; all I could do was to steady him and quit him soon as possible. I was just preparing to leave him when about then something happened which sure made me change my mind and stick to the old saddle for all I was worth. We'd brushed up against a pine tree and one of the twisted dry limbs had slipped through the stirrup, broke and stuck there. It had wedged my foot in as pretty as you please, and I couldn't pull it out, one end of the stick was prodding my horse to doing even worse than ever before. He was running too fast to buck well but he was sure doing his daggonedest to do both, and he was more than scattering things.

The way it was now it sure looked as if the Good Lord from up above or the devil from down below had fixed things so I'd be due to be registering with one of them soon. I had less than a hundred yards to ride to reach the cut, and there is where I figgered would come the sudden end. I couldn't quit my horse for fear of my foot hanging in the stirrup, and, if it had to be, I'd rather fall to a death than be drug to it.

I done my best to stick and stared at my grave which now was not many yards away; then my horse fell—he'd come acrost a fallen tree which he didn't see—and as he fell I lost my saddle, my foot stuck in the stirrup, and, as the pony



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rolled over and over, I was wrapped around him just like I was so much string.

It's sure queer how sometimes a feller will miss a thousand bumps when at other times he'll connect with one lonely jolt which queers him. Well, I missed many bumps in that fall and I was in the thick of 'em. I was rolling around with a thousand pounds of horse flesh and striking hoofs, amongst jagged boulders and bayonet-like pine limbs. We rolled on that way till we got to the edge of the cut. There, my horse bumped against a big boulder which sent him up a few feet. It's foolish to mention that I didn't connect with that boulder. I'll just say that I got a glance of it and that somehow I missed it. I was throwed up in the air to the length of my stirrup and there I broke loose from it; but I was no better off it seemed like, for I still had a good fall due me—I was right over the cut.

What happened in the next half a second couldn't be seen for dust and sliding dirt and boulders. I sure had my weather eye out for my horse in that time for I knowed he wasn't far from me, and I didn't want to roll with him no more nor be nowheres near him when I come to the bottom.

The cut, as I found out, wasn't such a bad place to come down into if you was by yourself, but it sure was no place to run into while a-setting on top a head-fighting, runaway bronk. I think I made the bottom of the cut first because I was there to hear something heavy locate amongst the rocks and what little brush growed there. I guess it was about a minute before I started to feel around, not at my ribs but at a sort of choking noise that was near. I couldn't see for the dust that was still soaring, but by sounds I got to reaching out and pretty soon I felt the nostrils and hot breath of my horse. He was upside down and laying quiet, and, if it hadn't been for the choking noise he was making, you'd never knowed he was there.

He was pretty well winded and about through for a spell. I fell on his head to hold him down while I investigated, and I found that most of his body was resting on his neck. So seeing that he couldn't get away from me for a spell, I held out for a few seconds a-trying to gather up some wind for myself. Besides, I figgered this would be a daggone good lesson for that horse, leaving him lie there that way; the next time he might be more careful as to how he behaved.

But I couldn't leave him lie that way long or he'd soon been done for. The dust had cleared a little, then I seen that, being the horse was laying on a slope, it'd be easy for me to help. He could of got up out of there himself only the wind had been knocked out of him so bad that he couldn't even wiggle an ear; without a little help he'd sure died there within a few minutes.

The company I was working for at the time thought more of their horses than they did their cowboys. A dead cowboy was no cash loss to them but a horse was, but I didn't think of that nor of my bruises as I started straightening out that pony; to me he was a horse. I didn't care if he did belong to the company, and besides it was a long ways back to camp. I reached up, grabbed a hold of his tail and pulled down the hill for all I was worth. He soon begin to squirm and as he got a little air it wasn't long till he begin to help. Then, finally, I managed to slide his body down some more and off his neck. At last his head came up to the clear but it sure was a dazed looking head and them nostrils of his was sure wide open for air.

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He layed there on all fours for a spell, and, a-holding on of the hackamore rope, I begin to look over the wreck, and a wreck it sure was. It looked like the pony's ears was shoved right down his head, that head was all scarred up, the foretop and the mane was matted with cockle burrs and twigs and weeds, his whole body was covered with dirt; and then I got a glimpse of my saddle. That glimpse showed me that here was a hundred and thirty-five dollars all shot to pieces: the horn was mashed flat into the fork, the leather was scraped off the seat and the cantle was layed low and flapping, the fine carving on the skirts and stirrup leathers was full of long, jagged gashes. Over two months' wages gone in less than ten minutes and on a thirty-five dollar bronk.

I've had a few saddles tore up before and since but never half as bad as this one was, but that all is in the day's riding and I felt mighty lucky, after I got to thinking it over, that it was the saddle and not me that done the connecting with the boulder and stumps. For, as it was, outside of some skin missing here and there, a few bruises, and part of my shirt gone, I was just about the same and still able to earn my wages.

The horse hadn't got by so well and I had to give him a good ten minutes to recuperate in. He'd got up on his feet, looked around, shook himself and soon as he snorted at me again is when I figgered he was okay.

But he was pretty tame on the way into camp, and when a couple of bunches of cattle was throwed my way to turn down toward the main drive (we was on round up) I put him to work just the same.

The next time I rode that horse, about a week or so later, he was just as fit as ever; if anything, he was more fit than ever because he never offered to stampede with me again. I think he figgered I had something to do with the way he bounced on the big boulder and fell into the cut. Then again, me being around when he first come to down there might of had some more to do with it. Maybe he thought I was a bad hombre to fool with.

But he didn't have any of the best of me because I sure didn't think he should mix with angels, and now,—whenever I glance at that little piece of twisted pine limb that caught in my stirrup and remember how I got it, (it had stuck to the stirrup through the whole commotion and I had to pry it loose) I sure am glad that my stampeding and bucking ponies are all on paper and canvas.

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He was looking back at me and snorting and kicking at every jump.—Page 148.

From a drawing by Will James.

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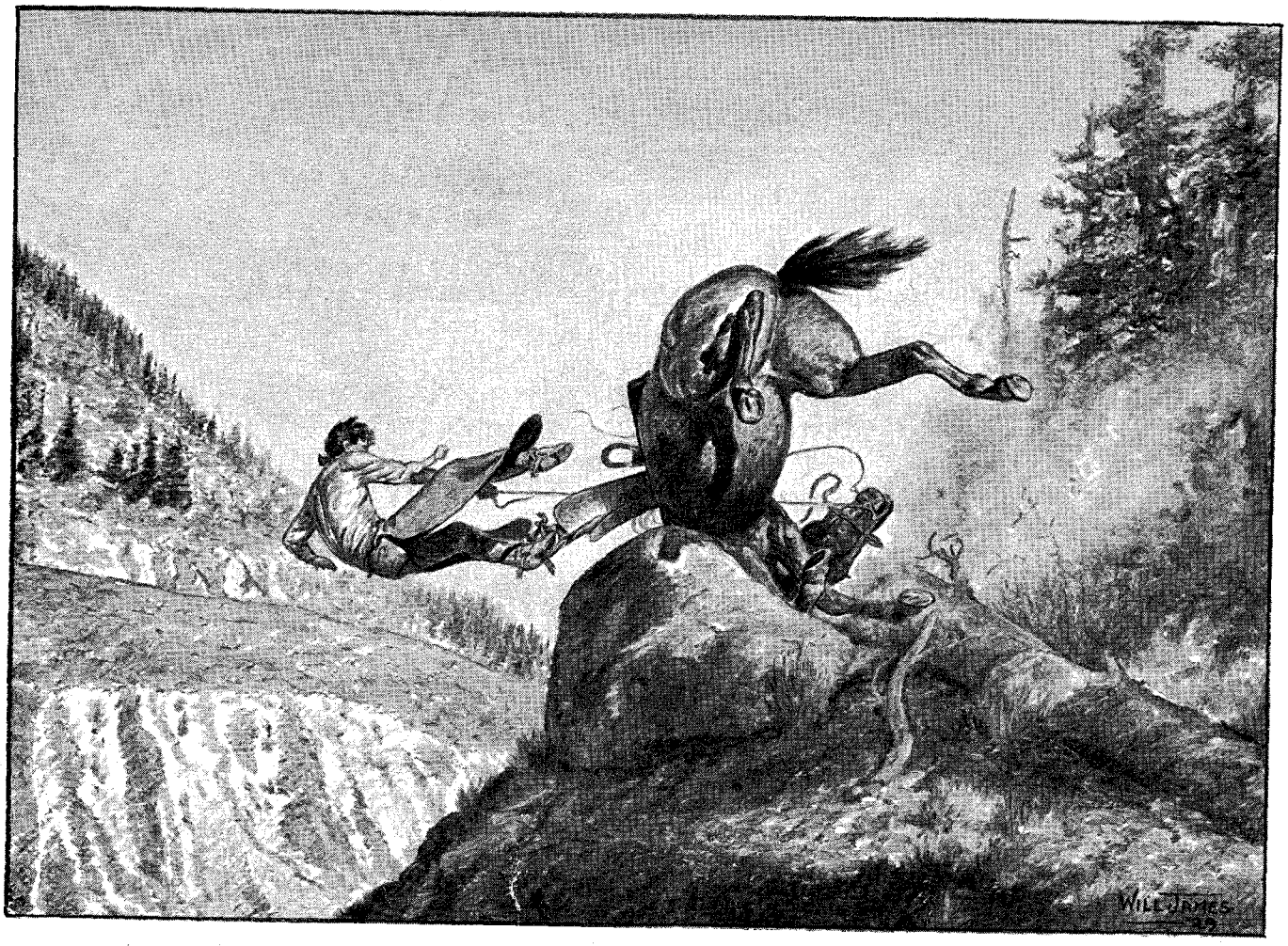


I was throwed up in the air to the length of my stirrup and there I broke loose from it.—Page 149.

From a drawing by Will James.

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# What's the Matter with Prohibition?

BY FRANCIS M. COCKRELL

One who participated in the moral war, and still believes in Prohibition, takes stock. He finds the leaders of Prohibition element in a state of mind similar to that of liquor barons of a few years ago.

### WHY I VOTED FOR PROHIBITION

DURING the years preceding National Prohibition the question of liquor-control interested me deeply. The evils growing out of the abuse of liquor constituted, in my judgment, our greatest social problem.

But I had no pet theories as to its solution. I tried to keep an open mind on all plans—from absolute prohibition to the other extreme of absolute freedom from all restriction. My interest was wholly practical.

In my rather extensive travels over the country I observed the results from the different methods of control then being tried. Under Local Option I saw the benefits which had come to smaller communities from prohibiting all local sale of liquor. But the workability of this in larger cities I was inclined to question. It seemed to me that more effective results could probably be secured there by increasingly stringent regulation: that the limit in this direction had not yet been reached.

But as time went on a disturbing factor intruded itself. No one could fail to note the increasing boldness and aggressiveness of the liquor interests—the viciousness with which they fought every effort at their legitimate regulation, their contempt for sane and decent public opinion. Among my acquaintances were brewers, distillers, and wholesale liquor dealers, and when discussing the subject I would say to them: "Why don't you make your business decent and respectable? Why do you allow the retail end of it to ally itself with gambling, prostitution, and professional crime? Why do you fight those who are trying to remove the evils which threaten the very existence of your industry? Why don't you join with them—if only as a matter of sound business?"

Their reply was always an evasion of their own responsibility and abuse of "Prohibition fanatics."

Finally, I was forced to the conclusion that, under existing conditions, it was practically impossible to secure the enforcement of restrictions which would remove the evils; and that before we could ever deal with the problem effectively we must first destroy the power of the organized industry by making it an outlaw. So, when the Prohibition Amendment was submitted for ratification, I heartily supported it. My primary reason was because I felt confident that it would suppress the corrupt and debauching influence of the liquor traffic; in addition, there was the hope that it would materially reduce both the general use and the abuse of liquor.

### WHAT OF PROHIBITION TO-DAY?

But, now, after ten years of its operation, what can be said of Prohibition?



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In my deliberate judgment, if we double all the evils charged against it, Prohibition has more than justified itself. It has removed from our social life the degrading influence of the open saloon. It has successfully destroyed the power of the organized industry. In the place of a bold, defiant, legally intrenched enemy, we have now only to contend with a furtive outlaw group and a small minority of good people who conceive of Prohibition as an end in itself. So, we have practically a free hand in dealing with the evils now confronting us.

However, it is squarely up to those of us who supported the enactment of Prohibition to take stock—to weigh accurately the results of its operation. We cannot afford to blind ourselves to the evils which exist, or to minimize their seriousness. Instead of cheapening ourselves and hurting our cause by criticism of its opponents, we must consider fairly the facts and arguments they present. Only by so doing can we hope to remedy its evils.

Nor can we continue to sit back complacently and offer as a sop the fact that Prohibition at its worst is better than the old system at its best. We are here attacking only a bogie-man. No one today defends the old system or advocates its return.

Some of our leaders have adopted this defense:

1st. If Prohibition is so bad, why don't you who are fighting it propose a better plan of liquor-control?

2d. Even if you do propose a better plan, it is practically impossible to secure its adoption because of the difficulty in amending the Constitution. Therefore, the only thing for all of us to do is to make the best of the situation (bad as it may be and however worse it may become).

The responsibility for any evils or shortcomings of Prohibition rests directly upon those of us who supported its enactment; hence, if we cannot remedy those deficiencies, it is *our* duty to devise a more effective plan to take its place. By what logic can we shift this responsibility upon those who opposed Prohibition and predicted its failure?

Then, having devised such a plan, how can we say it is any more impossible to secure its adoption than it was to secure the enactment of Prohibition? Did we meekly allow the organized liquor interests to continue their debauching influence, simply because it was difficult to outlaw them?

Are we more interested in Prohibition as a pet hobby than in the purposes we sought to accomplish through it? Shall we expend our efforts in defending it, or in boldly seeking to find its weaknesses—to the end that we shall continue to advance in our fight against the evils of liquor?

Of course we are going to try to remedy those defects before even considering any substitute. But, in so doing, are we going to face the facts as they are, or as we would like to have them? Let us take a look at some of these facts right now.

### PERSONAL LIBERTY

In his inaugural address President Hoover said "we must awake to the fact" that patronage of the liquor industry by "large numbers of law-abiding citizens" is the primary cause of its continued existence. Why do these men of standing disregard Prohibition? They tell us it is because they feel that the law is an unjust invasion of the individual's private life and personal conduct.

And what is our reply to this? The usual thing is to say that personal lib-

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erty is just a myth—an illusion. As one of our most prominent leaders (Bishop James Cannon, Jr.) recently expressed it: "The enlightened social conscience of to-day absolutely refuses to recognize anything as 'private life and personal conduct' which affects the general welfare."

Let us briefly analyze this statement. Our *general* welfare is essentially the sum total of the welfare of each individual citizen. Therefore everything which affects the welfare of an individual affects also the general welfare. His diet, his recreations, his hours of sleep affect his bodily health. The amount of his savings affects his economic status. His regular attendance at religious worship is generally inclined to improve his morals. Hence his actions in all these things affect the general welfare: in fact, there is not a detail of the individual's life, from his birth to his death, which does not in some measure affect the general welfare. And the enlightened social conscience of to-day recognizes this fact. More and more does it interest itself in the individual's well-being. It is constantly striving to improve him; to help him advance to higher levels of thought and action.

But there is always the problem as to the most effective method of accomplishing this aim—whether by force of law or by education and moral suasion. And the determination of this is purely a matter of practical expediency. How would it work if we should "absolutely refuse to recognize anything as private life which affects the general welfare"? Should you eat potatoes for dinner? And if so, should they be fried or baked? Should they be seasoned with salt and pepper and butter? And if so, how much of each should be used? Now the decision in each of these questions might definitely affect your individual health, and thereby necessarily affect the general welfare. Consequently, all these things should be subject to legal regulation!

Coming back to plain common sense: as to some things there is general agreement that we should use the force of law. As to others there is also general agreement that we should rely upon education and moral suasion. In the matter of liquor, there is general agreement up to a certain point—that its use should be subject to severe legal restrictions. But a large number of our law-abiding people say that if we go beyond this and absolutely prohibit its use, we unjustly invade the individual's personal liberty. They feel that, so long as he is not actually intemperate, he should be left free to make his own decision as to whether or not it is desirable that he should drink.

Now, although we believe that this attitude is wholly wrong, yet there it is staring us in the face. It has been there for ten years; it is unquestionably the most potent factor in our problem to-day. What have we been doing about it? Have we approached our opponents in a spirit of kindly reasonableness, and tried to show them that the great good which would come from banishing all use of liquor far outweighs the injury from such invasion of their personal liberty? If this has been attempted, it must have been by a "whispering campaign." It has not been revealed in any published statements of our leaders. Instead, they have taken this stand: "We are right and you are wrong. And we have the power to make you do what we think is right. We don't care what you think about it: it's up to you to obey the law as we made it, or be punished."

How has this worked? President

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Hoover's warning would seem to indicate that we have not gotten very far with it. As a matter of fact, is there a single one of us who does not know that the opposition to-day is just as strong as it ever was—if not stronger; that we have only increased the antagonism and resentment of many thousands whose support we must win before we can ever hope to make Prohibition effective?

### SPIRIT OF THE CONSTITUTION

The opposition has, in fact, grown to the extent that five States have repealed their Prohibition laws, and have thereby withdrawn from further co-operation with the Federal Government in the enforcement of Prohibition. This co-operation was originally given under a clause of the Eighteenth Amendment which provides that "Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article."

What have our leaders had to say about the action of those States? They have insisted that the foregoing clause imposes a *moral obligation* on the States to exercise the power therein granted to them; and that, if they decline to do so, they thereby violate the "spirit" of the Constitution. Now we all know that the *spirit* of any law is the intent of its authors. Hence the spirit of this particular clause is the intent—the purpose—of those who wrote it in the amendment. To determine what this was, let us refer back to the discussion on the matter in Congress.

This clause was not in the amendment as passed by the Senate. It was inserted by the Judiciary Committee of the House, and the reason for its insertion was stated by Congressman Webb, a leading Prohibitionist, who was spokesman for the committee. He said:

"Most of the members, including myself, of the Judiciary Committee, both wet and dry, felt that there ought to be a reservation to the States also of power to enforce their Prohibition laws. Nobody desires that the Federal Congress shall take away from the various States the right to enforce the Prohibition laws of those States. If we do not adopt the amendment from the committee, there might be a fight in Congress every two years as to whether the States should be given the right to help enforce this proposed article of the Constitution. Because, after the States have delegated to the Federal Congress power to do a certain thing, for instance to stop the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes, the question is whether the States have not turned over to the Federal Congress the exclusive power to enforce it."

How many persons of even low average intelligence can we expect to convince that to grant the right to do a thing creates the duty—the moral obligation—to exercise that right?—That the constitutional right of a State to enact an income-tax law makes it the duty of every State to do so? That the legal right of a parent to punish his child for misbehavior makes that his duty, even though he may think it more desirable to use moral suasion?

However, some of our leaders do not go to this absurd length. They only claim that it is the broad moral duty of every State to support the Federal Constitution in its entirety, even though some of its provisions may conflict with local sentiment. But one of the first principles of law is that the plaintiff must come into court with clean hands; otherwise his claim will not be heard—it will be thrown out of court. Now does any one deny that the spirit—the intention—of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth

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Amendments was to grant to the negroes in the Southern States the right to vote? Or deny that these States have enacted laws which do *in fact* prevent the negroes from voting, and which thereby directly conflict with the spirit of those amendments? As a Southerner, I uphold this direct "nullification." But does not that automatically bar me from criticism of those States which have merely declined to uphold further the spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment?

When our Northern leaders make this claim, our opponents ask them: "Is any one article of the Constitution more sacred than another? Why do you single out this particular article which you happen to favor? While condemning us, why don't you at the same time condemn the Southern people? Is your silence on the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments due to the fact that the stronghold of Prohibition sentiment is in the South, and you are there playing practical politics to retain its support, while with us you are taking a highly moral stand? In face of the facts, and their clear proof of your inconsistency —or insincerity—why should you expect us even to listen to your exhortations?"

So far I have not seen any reply to these questions. And the lack of a reply causes this question to arise: How much longer will our leaders continue in the hope of influencing any one by this particular absurdity?

### "RESPECT THE LAW!"

The most frequently heard appeal from our leaders to-day is to "respect the law." They solemnly declare that obedience to law is the foundation of all stable government; and therefore the present disregard for Prohibition is undermining the foundations of our government; it is challenging the basis of our form of government, and has raised the issue as to whether that form of government is incorrect in principle and a failure in practical operation.

But were we not all taught as schoolchildren that our nation was born in rebellion against law? Did we not read in our history that the revered John Hancock and Samuel Adams were noted smugglers of rum and other commodities before the Revolution, because they felt that the English trading laws were unjust? Were we not fascinated by the "Underground Railway"—how it was organized by the best citizens in the North to prevent the poor runaway slaves from being recaptured and taken back into slavery, under the terms of the Fugitive Slave Law? Did we not read how Lincoln and other Northern leaders pleaded with their people to respect the law, and how unavailing was that plea?

And later, as we studied the history of other peoples and nations, was it not impressed upon us that practically all advance in religious, political, and individual freedom had come through resistance to law?

The foundation of our government rests upon a far more stable basis than the laws which happen to be enacted by our legislators. The real basis is the innate sense of fairness and justice—the conscience—of its individual citizens, and the sum total of these which forms the composite conscience we call public sentiment.

Laws are but the expression of our delegated agents—our representatives. The great majority of them also conform to public sentiment, and are therefore generally observed. But in a country as large as ours, with people of many different origins, thoughts, and habits,

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it sometimes occurs that our legislators enact a law which expresses the sentiment of only a particular section or group and which conflicts with the sentiment of other sections or groups. When such a law arouses a strong feeling that it is unjust, it always meets active resistance. While obedience to law in general is recognized as desirable, there is the feeling that justice is far more important.

Respect for law is somewhat like respect for an individual. Neither is given gratuitously: they must both be earned. And respect for law can only be earned through its appeal to the sense of justice.

Therefore, considering our past history and traditions, and more especially human nature as it is, could we possibly make to our opponents a more futile appeal than to "respect the law"?

### WHY WE HAVE FAILED

One of our foremost authorities (Professor Irving Fisher of Yale) frankly states that "The present condition of imperfect enforcement is intolerable, and must be corrected." And President Hoover warns us that this present intolerable condition is primarily due to disregard for the law by "large numbers of law-abiding citizens." Hence, it is evident that up to now we have made but little headway; that our arguments and appeals have been largely ineffective.

A contributing cause to this failure has been the moral attitude of our leaders. This has been one of self-righteousness, of superior virtue. They have assumed that Prohibition to-day is a moral issue; that its opponents are necessarily indifferent, if not antagonistic, to the general welfare.

The effect of this emotional bias has been twofold:

1st. Among our leaders it has produced a mental confusion. This has prevented them from grasping the real attitude of our opponents, and consequently the character of appeal most apt to influence them.

2d. Among our opponents it has caused the feeling of injustice against the law itself to extend to its supporters. Their resentment at being charged with moral turpitude has injected into the question the regrettable element of personal antagonism. And this has prevented them from appreciating the full value of the advantages which would accrue from Prohibition if it were generally observed.

There is some extenuation for this unfortunate attitude taken by our leaders. Before the adoption of Prohibition all our efforts to promote temperance were opposed by a powerful and corrupt enemy—the organized liquor interests. They used every means to stimulate the use of liquor, and fought all attempts to suppress its abuse. Finally the issue resolved itself into one of open warfare against this public enemy.

The advisability of using absolute prohibition as a means to its destruction was questioned by some of our foremost citizens. But they did not so much oppose our course as warn us of the difficulties which they feared would arise after we had won our fight.

So, with but few exceptions, the active opposition came only from this enemy to decent society. That made the question essentially a moral issue. It became a moral war—between the forces of good and the forces of evil. Ours was clearly a righteous cause; and we could fairly charge our opponents that (regardless of their motives) they were in fact upholding a vicious and immoral cause.

But the zeal and fervor which car-

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ried us to victory tended to blind us to realities. We made ourselves believe that, by outlawing the organized liquor interests and banishing the open saloon, we would automatically solve the problem of intemperance. It has been difficult for many of us to realize that, instead of reaching our goal, we have only removed an obstruction from our path; that we have a long, difficult way still to travel.

And, from this zeal and fervor, it is only natural that many of our leaders should have acquired a fixed attitude on the subject—an attitude which would be but little affected by any subsequent change of conditions. As a result, they continue to view every opponent of Prohibition as one actuated wholly by selfish considerations and indifferent to the general welfare.

But we must force ourselves to realize that conditions to-day are radically different from those which existed before the adoption of Prohibition. Our old enemy—the legally protected liquor traffic—no longer exists. In its stead we have an outlaw industry which owes its birth and its continued existence to Prohibition. Therefore, the situation within the liquor industry itself is completely reversed.

Who, then, are the present opponents of Prohibition? The largest contributor to the cause is Mr. Pierre S. duPont, chairman of the Executive Committee of The Association against the Prohibition Amendment, who is also chairman of the board of the General Motors Corporation and the E. I. duPont de Nemours Company. Both of these corporations were on the black list of the United States Brewers' Association before Prohibition, because they encouraged temperance among their employees. Then we find the presidents of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company, and incidentally both of these companies were on the brewers' black list. We also find the presidents and directors of our largest life-insurance companies—the business which has the greatest direct financial interest in the public health. Among others are leading clergymen, educators, physicians—in fact, practically every line of human interest and endeavor is represented. And behind these leaders are thousands of law-abiding citizens throughout the country.

As to how great is the numerical strength of this opposition, one guess is as good as another. Our leaders have vigorously fought every effort made by our opponents to secure a referendum on the question. But we do know that it has been strong enough to prevent our securing effective enforcement of the law; and there is every indication that it is growing stronger.

The deplorable feature of the present situation is that we all agree as to the major portion of our programme. Our opponents are just as anxious as we are to keep out the old saloon, and to suppress both the present bootleg industry and the intemperate use of liquor. The sentiment in our country is practically unanimous as to these things; yet both bootlegging and intemperance are steadily increasing because we are fighting among ourselves over the ban which has been placed on the moderate use of liquor.

What shall we do about it? Shall we who are responsible for Prohibition blindly continue in our efforts to carry out our full programme by legal force—and continue to get no effective results? Or shall we use our practical common sense: get all we can by that method; and use education and moral suasion to

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accomplish that which it has been proven we cannot do by force?

By so doing we are not admitting defeat or abandoning any principle. We are simply recognizing a principle which has been thoroughly established by our past experience: the enforcement of all laws depends upon their voluntary observance by the great mass of our people. The machinery of our government is not designed, and cannot be successfully applied, to the enforcement of a law which conflicts with a large body of public sentiment—no matter how desirable may be its purpose. In fact, it might fairly be said that our plan of government was in large measure designed to prevent the enforcement of such laws.

Now we were merely mistaken in our judgment of public sentiment when we placed a ban on the moderate use of liquor. At the same time we were correct in our interpretation of that sentiment with reference to the liquor traffic. Why should we not frankly and honestly recognize these facts? Why should we not ask our present opponents to join with us in an effort to work out a plan by which we can accomplish the great purpose we have in common? If we will only do this, we will soon rid our country of the terrible scourge which is now afflicting it. We created that scourge, and upon our heads rests the responsibility for its continued existence. What are we going to do about it?

# God

## AN APOLOGY

BY CHARLES HALL PERRY

The author of "The Catholic Advantage" declares that the present-day God of the churches, "patched up out of exegeses of selected Biblical texts," is a matter for apology to the God of the universe.

SUNDAY; and I have just come from "meeting." The church is one of the few remaining beautiful meeting-houses which were built about a century ago in New England hill-towns. It stands above the Common in the half-deserted village, a memorial, not so much to religious truth as to the fine excellence of some forgotten architect. Its beauty has been much debased by modernizing. But the lofty, terraced spire yet is seen from far distances as a cherished landmark. It is eloquent with the remembrance of many generations of faithful worshippers who answered its Sabbath bell—soundly orthodox, unquestioning Christians.

The meeting-house to-day will seat four hundred, but the congregation of thirty-seven was larger than usual. We had just sung "Rescue the Perishing." The minister rose to preach his sermon.

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Outside a sudden thunder-shower was developing. The church was growing dark. I could see only the outline of the ministerial form and a glimmer of his spectacles. In an impressive and solemn voice he gave his text: *"Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel."* At that instant came the first flash of lightning, followed quickly by a heavy crash of thunder. Across the church a woman screamed shrilly. Two children near me broke into loud crying. I heard a deacon behind me mutter: "Gosh!" In spite of my heretical modernism, I felt a shiver go along my spine. The stage was set for the sermon and it fitted.

And now back in my quiet study I feel safe again and am just wondering: Who or what is this God? Why are we so scared of Him? What is He going to do to me when He gets me into His clutches? Is He some implacable Moloch, into whose hot, brazen arms I am to be hurled at death? This God of the Church must be propitiated and flattered. We must crawl to Him on the bleeding knees of repentance. At His feet we must lay down our broken and contrite hearts. We must fast and pray and crucify every natural impulse as an evil thing. We must be washed in the blood of a human lamb, confessing our foulness, in the hope that He will forgive us—for what, we hardly know. Perhaps for being ordinary human beings, law-abiding citizens, builders of homes, and sad sceptics of ecclesiastical idolatry. In between that terrible God and our poor selves we place the protection of mankind's champion, Jesus Christ, the tender pity of the Virgin Mary, and the intercession of pious saints. Otherwise we "better watch out," or not the goblins but God will get us.

"Doubtless," I say to myself, "this is all the crude imagining of a country minister—compelled to be orthodox." Yet I know all the time that he is only poll-parroting the tenets of historic and dogmatic Christianity. In Judaism and in our Christianity—a development of Hebraistic theology—the character assigned to God has been Creator, Ruler, Judge, Executioner—anthropomorphic images out of legalism. Jesus superseded all conceptions with his of Fatherhood—also a human comparison, but based upon the ideas of love and care. We have kept his word but have lost his idea, conceiving God as an overlord, more than less primitive and feudal.

I take down my prayer-book of the Episcopal Church—truly a broad and sympathetic Church if there is one. Even there I find that people are bidden to say to God on their knees strange and hypocritical things—things they never mean when they do say them: "Have mercy on us, miserable offenders." "There is no health in us." "Spare (from what?) thou those, O God, who confess their faults." "O holy, blessed and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners." "Neither take thou vengeance of our sins."

I find in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Communion such statements as: "Original sin . . . in every person born into this world, deserveth God's wrath and damnation." As also in a Catechism of the Catholic Church, bearing the imprimatur of four archbishops: "Through the disobedience of our first parents (*i. e.*, the supposed error in Eden) we all inherit their sin and punishment—misery and death." What kind of a God is He who intends to inflict such guilt and punishment of primordial barbarians upon His created children throughout all centuries? A species of injustice as far beneath ordi-

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nary human equity and fair play as savagery is below civilization.

Certainly, I have known all this and much more always; we all know it. It is common to nearly all denominations. I have read and studied the Bible from cover to cover, the ante-Nicæan fathers, the theologians of the centuries. Paul and Calvin and Edwards and a lot of to-day's fundamentalists are familiar to me. I know the Creeds, the Confessions, the Institutes, the Catechisms, the Articles. Through all is a maze of the persistent, ecclesiastical philosophizing, wherein God has been slandered, misrepresented, caricatured. One voice comes down the centuries, unafraid, unsilenced, true, trusting and steadying—"Our Father, who art in Heaven"—"God is Love." A ray of divine light flashed through the dark, dogmatic shambles of sacrifices, flagellations, and terror.

Every-day humanity to-day stands with Jesus Christ as it did when He taught in defiance of the ecclesiastics. And the funny part of it is that we don't believe a word of what we are saying—not even when we are crying it prostrate before God: "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners." We are a big bunch of hypocrites—jolly, comfortable, easy-going hypocrites. We are neither miserable sinners nor abject penitents. Rather are we very neighborly, self-respecting human beings—as soon as we get out of "meeting."

## II

There seems to be a very varied discussion of religious problems in the magazines to-day. Anxious orthodoxy. Complacent heresy. Back of it all is a growing indifference to the Church and Church-going on the part of nine-tenths of the respectable population. The ministers cannot scold them in sermons—the sinners are not in church. The backsliders want to explain. A half dozen broadminded, deep-hearted thinkers seek to readjust the religious mood and outlook. The magazines, with their immense congregations, offer the open road of approach. This is a contradiction of the cynical assertion that ours is an irreligious age. It is rather a clear indication that we have come to a place in human development where men will no longer take their religion passively, on the ground of ancient assertions or of ecclesiastical superiority. The man on the street is deeply religious, but he is something of a rebel and demands to think for himself.

I have no use for a scolding, teasing cleric, nor for others who are anxious to air their iconoclastic scepticism. We have a goodly number of men, like Fosdick and Fiske and Ames and Bundy, who are sincerely and sympathetically trying to get at the heart of to-day's religious attitude. They are prophets of a wider and deeper faith. I pretend to no equality with them in spiritual insight or in an understanding of the specific problems. But, without in the slightest combating their high-minded and helpful discussions, it does seem that we are not going far enough back, deep enough down, to the heart of the religious problem. It does not lie in general irreligion, in non-church-going, in modern Sunday attractions. It is not that materialism has swamped faith and spirituality. There is no loosening of the supreme hold of Jesus Christ upon the imagination and faith of present-day men.

For centuries, and to-day as much as ever, the structure of religion has been builded from the top downward. Theology has begun with theories and tenets and then worked backward to con-

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struct a deity who should fit those ideas. Rather the God-fact should be the sole religious axiom. He must be such as will satisfy every conception of deity in human instinct—the perfection of human idealizing.

Such a God we have not, and never have had in all the centuries of Christianity, except for a brief three years at the opening of our present calendar. For an instant the light shone upon the face of God and the glory of the Divine was seen in its ineffable excellence. Not the Christ Himself, but Him whom He revealed—the reality of God. Almost at once they quenched that light. The arrogance and savagery of Judaism and paganism swept in. The old terror of the face of God possessed mankind. The inexorable exactions of a divine justice overwhelmed the wonder of divine love. Man was debased from his inalienable childhood. In the name of God nations were slaughtered, martyrs burned and crucified. The Church has come down the ages with her skirts dripping with the blood of God's children—and with God's sanction. Arrogance, pride, and snobbery have characterized the Church toward every man who dared differ with her dictums. To-day her crude cruelties are gone.

Progress and human independence have taken care of that. Until yesterday the threat of the devil and hell were kept. God and the Church had reserved them for about nine-tenths of humanity —unconverted and unbaptized. Men have doubted and laughed the everlasting, unconsuming fires into extinction. That was a little too much to believe about any God. The Church has remaining only such penalties as scolding, excommunication, deposition, and ostracism. Except that there is still kept in the background a bugaboo God, masked as a loving Father, but approached only in abjection and fear. His sense of justice is so overmastering that it stifles His love. His legal status must first be satisfied. The best man among us was chosen as a propitiatory victim. His death was to be God's satisfaction for the original sin of Adam and for the evils of the rest of us.

In all the teachings of Jesus Christ there is not an iota on which to base such a system of redemption. If there were an equity court with jurisdiction high enough, God might enter a suit for slander. For certainly no person was ever more held up to ridicule and hatred than God. We are bidden to love and worship a deity, who, before He created human beings—you, your husband or wife and children—predestinated a part of them to heaven and everlasting life, and others to hell and torment.

There is no use in calling upon men to revere, love, and worship a God who is spying and cataloguing the peccadilloes of His children, who sits in angry judgment upon His half-developed but growing creatures, who wants us to crawl upon our knees in shame and contrition to His feet, who demands a sacrifice of propitiation before He can find it possible to forgive us. No sugar-coating this theology can cover its bitter falsehood. Cathedrals and rituals; dogmatics and exegetics; sermons and psalm-singing; prophets, priests, and evangelists—even Jesus Christ Himself —cannot hold and content the soul of man, unless religion shall give him a satisfying and adequate conception of God. Man desires neither saviour nor mediator; he needs neither sacrifice nor atonement. His deep, innate, spiritual hunger is for God. He wants Him, without intermediary, face to face in entire fellowship and mutual understanding. Even

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as God craves man. As Jesus and His Father were one.

## III

For centuries we have been hedged by a collection of ancient manuscripts—marvels up to the competence of their eras. From them has been constructed a systematic theology and an ecclesiastical organization. But the copyright on eternal truth, "once for all delivered to the saints," has run out. The patent rights on the gifts of the Spirit have expired. The Church is no longer the exclusive conduit of the grace of God, nor able to dispense salvation on conditions.

Passive faith, independent of reason, is a thing of the past. Once men were soothed by the kindergarten teaching that the mind of man was too tiny and finite to understand the truths of God. These were matters, not of discovery, but of supernatural revelation to a few chosen men. Others must accept, without doubt or question. That day has gone and the church might as well realize the fact. Science has so led man into the intricate mazes of the universe, so placed the world powers at his fingertip; philosophy has so arranged his conceptions and reasoning, that he knows that he is no sinful, incapable worm, but a creature of personality to be reckoned with. In the electron and on Betelguese he has found God dwelling and welcoming His fellow creator. God to-day is bigger and more spiritual than an ecclesiastical image. He is a composite discovery, co-operative and intimate with man—living, sympathetic, and ubiquitous.

True it is that this earth is one of the tiniest specks in the universe, an infinitesimal grain of sand. On that molecule of matter dwells for a fragment of time a creature called man. He is incomprehensibly small compared with the Intelligence who holds the cosmos in the palm of His hand. But that grain of sand is as great as the universe; that man is of a kind with the unlimited Ego. For he has a divine essence—his personality and his independent reason. He can vision his own planet in definite relation to the systematic cosmos. Where he has foothold in the universe he can see, analyze, measure, classify, and co-ordinate the ultramicroscopic midgets and the stellar giants of creation. The few ounces of man's gray brain outweigh the myriad, myriad milliers of suns and star-dust. The human soul, upright and facing God, has the inalienable rights of hypostatic selfhood.

If man has his obligations to God, infinitely more God has His toward man. For God has made man without man's consent, and He has made a living, organic personality of mighty difficult elements. Equally with the divineness of man should be emphasized the humanness of God. For if we are divine since we are the children of God, so is He human as the Father of men. The responsibility is mutual.

Man knows that in his absolute reason he holds the supreme gift of his Creator. He knows, too, that God gave him that likeness to Himself that he should use it to guide thought, action, and faith. It is the unifying bond. He may bury the choice talent in the earth and turn to superstition at his own peril. Therefore, when man ceases to be a barbarian or a mental suckling, in spite of all the dominies may preach, prate, and philosophize, he will use that divinely given reason to estimate the dogmatics, which misrepresent the God of Jesus Christ and of human instinct. He will ask, why should God be praised, condoned, or endured

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for what would be condemned in man. Why not expect God to be as decent to His children as we are to ours? We do not flog or torture an upright, loyal son, before we can find love great enough to welcome the prodigal to our arms. We keep no pits of horrors and cruelty down cellar for naughty children. Else a riot of neighbors would be about the house—and justly. Will God do more savagely—just because He is supreme?

Certainly, we owe God an apology for slander, so far as our theological characterizing goes—at least the Church does. But God does not want an apology. I can imagine that He looks upon all our poor analyzing, codifying, dogmatizing of the God-structure and God-moods with a bit of divine humor. He must grin good-naturedly over the wise conclusions which pompous ecclesiastics have put into bulls, creeds, and council finalities. The simplicity of infallibility. The ant-hill labors and brings forth a flea. As Montaigne humorously said: "Man is certainly mad; he cannot make a flea, and yet he will be making gods by dozens."

Out of what does man fashion his God-ideas? He has always made them out of himself and always will, because he must. The anthropomorphic conception of God is of necessity. We can do no otherwise. Human ideas are always associative, never absolute. We set one over against another and create by comparison. *"God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."* But when we concrete the idea, as we must for theology, religion, interchange of ideas and teaching, then we must clothe the God-idea in the physical and mental material at hand. That becomes our anthropomorphic image—God represented in human comparisons. Jesus built his conception around the idea of Fatherhood as the highest type of conscious relation.

It is here that we must be careful of our conclusions. An idea or a dogma may be just as really an idol as one built of stone or wood. Why has the Church set forth a God-idea, repugnant to man, characterizing Him with attributes so unfatherly, that man's only safety is in placing a mediator and his mother between God and himself, when God and man should have the utmost intimacy? Throughout the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, and interwoven most crudely in the mass of ecclesiastical dogmatism since, are attributed to God human passions and partialities so unworthy as to make Him not only unlovable, but an object of fear and escape. Men of to-day are judging that God by their own sense of the highest excellences—and rejecting Him. They are going back to revivify the God-idea of Jesus Christ—a God whose Fatherhood transcends every other conception. It involves perfect love and assures us of an inherent relation and nature. Neither sin nor ignorance can disturb that. There is no place for a go-between.

## IV

Even Jesus had no other vehicle of his thoughts but the imperfect and mongrel chatter we call language. He had no other comparison of existence and character except natural phenomena and human traits. To use them to represent the nature and character of the highest spiritual excellence is the best we can do, but we have no right to label such conceptions with the imprimatur of finality or accuracy. But having received a God-idea, which is the best of human relations, carried to the *n*th power, we may not go to the right or left in our religious

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scholasticism to lug in ideas at variance. If we can attain or imagine a higher human relation than perfect fatherhood, the present-day acme of character and care, then that conception will become the God-idea.

The history of religions demonstrates that. We have asked whether the God-idea moulds the thought and manners of an age, or whether man creates his deity out of his own social environment. Anthropology seems to answer. There have been as many Gods as races of men. Each era and human condition has had its God—a concretion of the standards of the time. It was impossible that the Hebrews should have had other than their esoteric Jahveh, a deity expressing their own exclusion and separation. In Aesir the Nordics collected their mighty nature forces. The Great Spirit of the American Indians was a magnificent hunter. The Gods of Egypt were sensualists. Asia's deity a contemplative dreamer, welcoming men to the ecstasy of oblivion. Africa's a demon of cruelty. Zeus and Athena were as characteristic of Greece as were Jove and Minerva of Rome. The sixteenth century must have produced a Calvin, and Calvin must have interpreted his age in the despotic and rigid God of the Institutes. Quite as naturally, the Dutch Arminians must have disputed him.

There is no man living, there never was any body of men gathered, capable of making an analysis or definition of God which should be final. All conceptions of God, whether of the naked savage before a grotesque image, of the Hindoo before his Brahman Triad, of the Romanist before his transubstantiated sacrament, or of the Protestant before his mental dogmatic—all are equally idolatrous and equally orthodox. For each is a human, subjective conception, thoroughly inadequate and true only to the present approach of man to the God-character. They are footprints on the road from protoplasm to a completed divine sonship.

William James, thoroughly out of sympathy with efforts for theological definition, expressed the difficulty in grasping an idea of God by saying that "we can go no farther than *feeling* Him." What he meant is a little difficult to determine. Perhaps in religion we call it faith. Certainly there is a recognized region in consciousness, lying near the emotions, which we call intuition or instinct. It is not subject to logic or reason. It is a sensibility, more or less complex and obscure, which refuses to explain itself—but knows. Doubtless it is there that God meets man.

Each spiritual personality takes from God exactly what he needs. He enters into communion with Him and understands Him up to the measure of his own spiritual capacity. There is no language by which one soul may tell another of its feeling, faith, or finding. Every individual touch upon the divine is as varied as personality. It is emotional. Here we may find a key to the puzzling dilemma of the dual God of the Bible. He who loves and must be loved is not in the writings of the historians and rabbinical theologians. But in the Psalms, in the passages where the prophets break into singing, in the words and spirit of Jesus and in the splendid poems interpolated into the difficult theology of Paul, we find an impulse which escapes from bondage and yields to spiritual instinct. It is there that men go for fellowship with the lovers of God. It is there that we find a picture of Him who is the understanding Friend of men—to-day and forever.

Why can we not live with God here in

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all confidence? Why can we not look forward to death and meeting Him fearlessly and with glad anticipation? The future life, as we term it, will bring us no nearer God than we are to-day. Always do we live in Him. Always does He trust us, understand us, laugh, cry, play, and work with us. He sees through our weakness, ignorance, and waywardness, to believe in the intrinsic goodness of human life, which He has made out of Himself.

The future life, for which we are bidden to prepare in anxiety, is simply a continuation of this life. There will be forever larger advantages and more helpful conditions. Growth and progress. No instantaneous change into angelic character. No swapping of common sense for harps and crowns and robes. Transformation scenes are not a feature of God's drama of life. It has never been discovered that He works in the manner of a magician, producing gratuitous metamorphoses in life, revelation or character by a "Presto! change!" There is a spiritual evolution as truly as there is one physical. Chaos into order; the partial into completeness; truth out of error; character built upon effort; heaven conditioned by the earth; the human realizing its divinity. Everything consequent.

Perhaps we do God an injustice by denying Him a share in the delights of progression and development. At the point where in life evolution ceases, there death intervenes. It might be as true of a divine existence as of a human, for the laws of life are inherent. In the category of the postulates of the actual, together with eternity and infinity, is this other undesirable, unattainable and incomprehensible idea of perfection. To conceive of it as ever attained—progress at an end—is as impossible as to arrive at the limit of infinity or the conclusion of eternity. That it is difficult to reconcile progression and self-interpretation with what has been generally accepted of God is acknowledged. His omni-status may be essential. But we may recognize that there are two perfections—the one of quality and the other of arrival.

We may not, except with pious blindness and evasion, forget the difficulties which confront, often daunt and destroy faith when we attribute to God complete knowledge and power. These unanswerable challenges are met with a lot of ecclesiastical equivocations and silences. In the presence of disaster men look up to a dumb God with reproach. They cry bitterly to Him that if He has complete foreknowledge and infinite ability, then upon Him must rest the full responsibility for all suffering, sorrow, and sin. These He must have foreseen and allowed, with most unfatherly indifference, to fall upon His human children. Also, the freedom of man's will and choice, and hence of his responsibility, becomes a farce if, as Paul taught, He foreordained every one whom He would save. Perhaps God is in the same boat with man, subject to the same inevitable cross-currents of life, swirling on through the identical maelstroms of evolution. But ever forward and higher—He leading the advance.

Furthermore, may it not be possible to think of God's life as more real and interesting to Him than could be that stagnation of completion which the scholastics have allowed Him? What an absorbing experience it must be to God to follow the evolution of man. To watch, coming from the primordial mists, step by step, æon upon æon, through myriads of adaptions and conquests, the appearance of a personal ego with divine qualities of self-will, moral choice, and intel-

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ligent reason. Much as a modern chemist might search the reactions of his laboratory. Upbuilding and tearing apart unto the revelation of the unknown. If we humans watch with profound curiosity and interest our racial and personal development, what must a divine evolution be to God, without beginning, without ending—a perennial infinity.

For ourselves, though we should exist to all eternity, could we conceive of any fate stupider, more moribund, more without gladness, incentive, and glory than to arrive at the conclusion of development? Thank the axioms of life, something must always lie beyond every arrival. And so, when we contemplate the superlative wonder of the divine life, may we not picture His splendid existence as a self-revelation of infinite possibilities. Change, progress, invention—that is life. When man was created a new interest occupied the mind and heart of God. A novelty had arrived of which He must take the responsibility. What God shall plan next, who knows?

## V

Let none of us acknowledge that we are guilty of heresy, atheism, or of any other dreadful fault, seeking for a more satisfying conception of God. Start with the God of Jesus Christ, who transcends all human imagination in those qualities of character which we estimate as most excellent in ourselves. The deity whom the ecclesiastics and theologians have philosophized and dogmatized into existence, whom they yet keep enthroned upon an ancient pedestal, will not longer content the faith of modern man. He compares that God with himself, and that God fails in the comparison. Religion and reason must match or man today will throw religion overboard. Say what you please in disparagement of a scientific age. Yet even arrogant philosophies and theologies must submit their tenets to the acid of reason.

The smash that has shaken Protestantism to its foundations and threatens its ultimate failure hits there first, before it touches Catholicism. Because Protestantism is builded upon intellectual data, and the Protestant comes to reason by a shorter cut. He is thinking independently as never before and has come to the end of accepting his theology upon the dictum of ancient councils. He will not believe in a God who is patched up out of exegeses of selected Biblical texts. Especially when those texts are themselves open to critical questions of their origin and authority. Also, more fundamentally, when the resulting deity is of an inferiority in excellences to man's ideal of human character.

Catholicism still holds its numbers and exerts its authority in matters of discipline and doctrine. Catholicism appeals to the imagination which is quite picturesquely irrational. The mysterious and the beautiful hold a peculiar fascination. The Catholic does not approach his religion critically, but in passive acceptance of whatever his infallible Church may assert. Moreover, what was declared to be truth once must be truth forever, no matter what revelations may come. There is no place for growth, change, or development in doctrine or polity. But the Catholic is going to think. Education and progress will compel that, and quite soon he will demand to examine his faith and to be shown upon what foundation it rests. His reason will make unexpected comparisons of his dogmatic deity.

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# She Came with Glamour

BY JANE SNOWDEN CROSBY

Fay Radnor felt the wind whip against her face and was again glad that she had come back to Milford. She loved the wind; it was almost astringent. At least it was purer than the biting wind of New York, which always left a taste of the city's dust in one's mouth.

She smiled, remembering Alex Cleveland's mocking face when she told him she was going back to Milford, to the bleakness of a Maine winter which she hadn't known for twelve years.

"I think you're half-crazy, my dear, to go off and bury yourself in a snowbank. Still, you'll be back in a month."

Fay's eyes had narrowed. "I'll come back if I want to. But I don't think I'll want to. Perhaps I'll never come back, Alex. I need Milford."

"Now I know you're crazy," he'd laughed. "But seriously, Fay, it's preposterous. There won't be a soul in that God-forsaken hole you can talk to. Oh, I know you were born there, but no one wants to live in the place he was born in. Probably nobody there has ever *seen* an etching."

Fay made a gesture with her slender, acid-stained hands. "I'm not going to Milford to talk about etchings."

"Maybe not. But your work will go to pot if you can't discuss it intelligently. You've got an original view-point, Fay, a clear sensitive line, perfect craftsmanship. You're an artist—and I use the word sparingly—you've worked hard, slaved to get where you are. I know. A person's got to, to have a technic like yours, but, good God! why should you throw it all away? You care about your work, don't you?"

Fay drew in her breath. What he said meant a lot; Alex Cleveland *knew*.

"Tremendously. But there's a part of me that doesn't care a damn about etching, that just aches to live. I haven't done much living, Alex, I've been too busy. And I'm nearly thirty; it's time I began."

His dark eyes leaped. "I can show you life, Fay, right here in New York. Life and color. There's a world of living right here. Just try me!"

"Thanks, but I'm going to try living in Milford. I've wanted to for a long time."

He got up. "Oh, well, of course it's your life." She could see that he was annoyed, hurt. But he recovered himself quickly; it was such wretched taste to be annoyed. "Have a grand time, darling. And if those duds up there want you to do magazine covers or their favorite infant, send me a wire. They will, you know. They won't begin to appreciate you." He bent and kissed her, charming, urbane.

That was it—Alex was so sure of himself, too sure. She was tired of his facility and charm, which he wore like a glove. Even as Alex's smile flashed at her, she'd started thinking of Dan Marshall. She was thinking of him now. Somehow just the sound of his name was nice—simple and solid like the Maine hills.

She thought of Dan as he had been twelve years ago when she had left Mil-



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ford. He'd walked with her to the tiny Milford station, carrying her bag. She'd talked nervously because she was so excited, going away to study on the legacy Uncle Stan had left her. Dan had not talked at all; he strode along beside her, nodding occasionally. He'd put her aboard the Boston & Maine train, fumbling with his hat.

"Well, I expect you'll get to be quite an artist. Don't forget us. Good-by. . . ."

"Oh, Dan! . . ." She'd reached for his arm, but the train was starting, and he jumped off. She remembered how startlingly blue his eyes had looked just before he jumped. But he hadn't kissed her, and she'd wanted him to. On the train she had cried—careful that no one saw her—until they got to Portland. After all, she was going away for a long time. He ought to have kissed her if he cared.

Looking back she felt sorry for Dan—so shy and awkward—and for herself, so scared and young, wanting him to kiss her. Since then plenty of men had kissed her—casually, gracefully. It didn't mean anything. But she still felt a little wistful when she thought of that time when it would have meant so much.

She could smile about it now, but deep down she knew; it was not just to see Milford that she had come back. Even after twelve years in New York, crammed with work, with interesting people, with success—her etchings hung now in Kennedy's and Harlow MacDonald's—she still wanted to come back; so much that she had taken the money she'd hoarded for a second trip abroad—eating at cheap places, going without clothes.

Fay remembered what Uncle Stan had written her years ago. She could still see his fine angular writing: "If you want a thing, go out and get it, dig for it, but be sure you want it enough to pay the price of giving up everything else. If you don't—then it's not worth it or you're not worth having it. But if you are sure, don't be afraid."

She was sure now, just as she had been sure that what she wanted most to do with Uncle Stan's money was to study art. And yet—even the things one was sure of did not always satisfy. Ten years ago, if a critic as discerning as Alex Cleveland had told her she had perfect craftsmanship, a clear sensitive line, she would have thought that enough; she would have asked no more of life. But she knew now that wasn't enough. She wanted happiness, simplicity, the fulness of life—not casual brilliant contacts—long, quiet days, lazy days even, near the people . . . the person one loved. And she was thirty; she had had none of those things. Fay drew in her breath. She was going to have them now.

It was a week later before she was settled enough to ask Dan to come to her cottage for a cup of tea. It was thrilling just to be living in a cottage—even a small one—after her cramped room in New York. Why, her cottage had a front porch around which she would plant flowers in the spring, a living-room with an old brick fireplace—imagine the cost of an apartment with a wood-burning fireplace in New York—cunning built-in cupboards where she would put the few pieces that had been saved from her grandmother's lustre tea-set and the ship's clock which had been on her grandfather's vessel, the *Marco Polo*. And there were two rooms opening from the living-room, one of which would be a lovely studio with a north light, where she could leave her things about as she worked and could forget

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the frenzied times she had had straightening up in New York, wrapping copper plates in a towel, scraping wax off a table so that the place would look presentable for a caller. The other room would be a bedroom—a real bedroom with a bed which wasn't a day bed. And a regular kitchen which wasn't a kitchenette; a stove, which wasn't just a grill, where you could roast a chicken and bake molasses cookies like those she had eaten when she was a little girl in Milford.

Oh, it would be great fun—she could hardly wait to be really settled here, but it took time. She had to hang her prints—her favorite Robert Austin went over the fireplace—and she had to find the right wall space for her Japanese mask, used in the No-plays, with which she had lived for several years. Alex Cleveland had given it to her, and she had always thought that the deep-brown face, sometimes benign, sometimes sardonic, was like Alex himself. She put a square of blue velvet under the mask, and hung it up. On the studio wall she hung a piece of faded brocade; when her eyes were tired she liked to have something beautiful to look at. After a week of cleaning, arranging, and finding the necessary tables and chairs—nice ladder-backed chairs she had found, too—she was ready.

When she asked him to come in that afternoon for a cup of tea, Dan looked serious.

"Why, I'd like to, Fay, but I have to tend to things on the place after I leave the office, and I never get through till after five and then it's time for supper."

Fay nodded, smiling a little. She had forgotten that one didn't have tea in Milford; one had supper at five-thirty in the winter. "Please come for supper, then, if you're not afraid of my cooking."

"That would be fine," he smiled. "I'm right glad you're back in Milford, Fay. I'll be there."

She walked back to her cottage, with those words "I'm right glad you're back in Milford" singing in her ears.

Alex Cleveland would never have said that. Charmingly he would have declared the world had suddenly gone rosy, and she would have blushed maybe, five years ago. Not now, of course. But she loved Dan because he had not said anything graceful. What he said was sweet—uninspired perhaps, but enough.

Fay put on a smock over the bright, flame-colored dress which made darting lights in her hazel eyes, and prepared the supper—tomato soup, baked potatoes, lamb chops, lettuce with French dressing. Suddenly she remembered that Dan would not care for French dressing; every one in Milford served a boiled dressing. Still, she would have to have it this time until she learned how to make the other. But Dan would like her brown Betty. Carefully she laid one end of the long table in the living-room with a white cloth and placed white candles at each side. The fire crackled pleasantly. Fay was happy. She was waiting for Dan.

He was quiet during supper, applying himself to the lamb chops and baked potatoes. Manfully he ate the lettuce with French dressing. Occasionally he looked up and smiled, his wide smile that deepened with his blue eyes. He glanced up at the mask which smiled sardonically in the firelight.

"That's a queer fellow, Fay."

"Yes," she smiled, "isn't he?"

They talked about boys and girls they

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had known twelve years ago, whom Fay had lost track of. John Ellis had married Nancy Stiles, Dan's cousin. Walter Bede had gone to London; he was a big engineer. Ellen Lane, with her egg-shell prettiness, had married a rich shipping man and gone to live in Bangor.

"And you didn't marry, Dan."

"No, you see after father died I just stayed on in the office. I was ready to take the bar examinations, anyway, and then it seemed as if I ought to. There's not a lot of legal business here in Milford—wills and mortgages mostly—but somebody has to do it. Father had always taken care of it and after he went people sort of looked to me."

Fay nodded. "And you took care of them." Her eyes were soft.

"Yes, it didn't seem right to leave then. I'd thought some of going to Portland or Bangor maybe, but after a while I didn't hanker to. There was the place to see to. It's kind of big and lonesome but some way I couldn't sell it. Land gets under your skin, I guess. And I like getting my hands in the earth—raising vegetables and flowers. I have a real beautiful garden in the spring. I guess I'm just a farmer, Fay. Probably you don't understand, living in New York."

"Oh, I do, I do! Land is wonderful. Land and ships. They do get under your skin. I'll always remember how my grandfather looked after they sold his vessel—made it into a coal-barge. So old and little, and his eyes never smiled."

"Yes, it was tough on the old sea-captains. I guess I know how they felt. I'd rather give up anything than my land, though it's just a few acres. I guess nobody in the world could make me. Course it's lonesome sometimes."

"Is it?" If he would just say he had missed her.

"Probably I should have got married. But all the girls either married right off or went away—like you, Fay. As usual I was kind of slow in thinking about it."

"You're not slow," Fay said; "you're not, Dan."

He lit his pipe. "It hit me pretty hard when you went away."

"Did it?" She leaned forward.

"Sure did. But I got used to it. You do."

"Yes." Fay herself knew something about getting used to things.

"And you didn't marry either, Fay."

"No, I was too busy."

"Well, I can't imagine a girl being too busy to get married. In the country it's about all they think of, but most likely it's different in New York."

"Art is long . . . and difficult," Fay said with an inclusive gesture of her slender hands.

"Oh, yes, you've got to be an artist."

"I do etchings." Fay spoke quietly but a little proudly. Those words of Alex Cleveland's were still with her, tucked away in a safe place.

Dan nodded. "Yes. Somehow I always think of you, Fay, as a girl in a blue pinafore—like you were before you went away."

She smiled. "Go on thinking, Dan."

"Well," he laughed a little, "somehow I can't get the idea of you making pictures. I imagine they're real pretty ones, Fay, but some way it doesn't seem like much of a life for a girl. I wondered if you wouldn't come back sometime." He leaned forward and looked in her eyes for a moment. Fay felt her pulse thump. Then Dan moved back in his chair, and suddenly Fay realized—with a little shock—that Dan was settled, he was satisfied—going to his office, raising his flowers and vegetables. It would take something big, intense, to pull him out of himself.

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"I did come back," she said softly, "because . . . I wanted to. But my friends in New York thought I was foolish. I'm doing pretty well. I've got my things in Kennedy's and other places, that don't take you unless you're doing first-rate stuff." She wanted Dan to realize how far she had gone. Somehow all the work during those twelve years, Alex Cleveland's praise, Kennedy's, were futile if he didn't.

"I know your pictures must be real pretty," Dan said as if he knew he must say something. "But I felt awful sorry for you, Fay, living in New York. Once I almost went down there to bring you back."

"Why didn't you . . .?"

"Well, court was sitting, and I was worried about my garden. We'd had a blight that year. I couldn't very well have got away."

"Oh! . . ."

"Were you comfortable in New York, Fay? I mean, could you make enough to be! You've got lovely things here," he looked around at her prints and brocade. "I guess you must have."

Fay smiled ruefully. "At first it was a struggle—for three or four years—and I have to be careful now, of course. I had Uncle Stan's legacy, you remember. But two thousand dollars doesn't stretch very far—over twelve years. I got along—eating sandwiches mostly, because other things cost too much. Of course I could have made money—quite a lot of it—if I'd done etchings of dogs and babies."

"Could you? I should think they'd be real nice to do, Fay."

"I could have made $8,000 a year, but I'd have lost my art," she said softly.

Dan looked up. In his face she saw a respect which had not been there before. "Could you really?" he said. "I'll have to see your pictures. May I see them, Fay?"

"Of course. I'd love to have you." She felt a little nervous; Dan looking at her etchings. He had to like them—oh, he must! She put a portfolio in his hands. "These are some of the things I did in New York—jagged sky-lines, skyscrapers."

"Odd, aren't they?"

"I did these others in France—near Rouen."

Dan nodded. "I remember when you went over. You sent me a letter. I've still got it. It's the only one with a French stamp I ever received."

Fay choked a little.

"I like these better, Fay. Not so odd. But I believe I like colored pictures best. Kind of cold—these gray lines." He turned to another group. "Oh, here are some people."

"They're just studies—incomplete. Not real likenesses, of course."

"Why, Fay, this one looks familiar. Isn't she pretty, though?"

Fay glanced over his shoulder. "Oh, that's Annis Bell, the actress."

"Annis Bell—why, it is! *My,* it's wonderful to have one of her, Fay; she's known all over. I saw her once in Boston. But I didn't recognize her right away."

"Perhaps I've got some more of her. She has a terribly interesting profile and I did several."

Dan looked up. "You did? Do you know her, Fay?"

She smiled. "Why, of course."

Suddenly she remembered—Dan had been a hero-worshipper as a boy; Napoleon, Francis Drake, Daniel Webster. Perhaps he had the same feeling about celebrities now. Her smile flickered a moment and then died. If Dan would just realize that she hadn't done badly in

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her way; if he would just worship her a little.

"I think it's wonderful that you know people like Annis Bell, Fay." Dan's voice was excited. "What is she like, really, I mean?"

"She's a thoroughly nice person. Very charming. She's beautiful and she's got too good a head to do the sort of thing she's doing."

"It was a lovely play I saw her in."

" 'Lady Theodora,' was it? She played that two years."

"Yes, that was it."

"I hope she gets a chance to do something worth while. She's a bit discouraged."

"I don't see why. 'Lady Theodora' was a lovely play, I thought. And I guess most everybody's heard of her—even here in Milford."

Fay smiled, tried to explain, and gave up. "I hope she gets her chance," she said; " 'Lady Theodora' was pretty frothy."

Dan got up. "Well, it's eleven o'clock, Fay. I must be going. I've had a grand time—a better time than I've had in years. My, it's nice to have you back!"

After he had gone Fay treasured that —"it's nice to have you back!" She hugged it to her heart. It was nice to be here—nicer than she could tell Dan. And perhaps sometime he would realize that she was just as much of a person as Annis Bell; perhaps sometime Dan would worship . . . or care a little. She fell asleep happily.

For two months she saw him frequently. He dropped in at her cottage in the evening or they took long walks. The winter was closing in about Milford. Snow stood knee-high outside her door. But she loved it. She loved the firelit living-room in the evenings when Dan was there. She could cook him other things now besides lamb chops and baked potatoes. And she made excellent boiled dressings. Of course, she didn't get much work done; housekeeping, even on a small scale, when one wasn't accustomed to it, took too much time. Sometimes she felt a little hungry for penetrating criticism of a book, a play, a picture; for Alex Cleveland's gay, slashing adjectives; but she never felt hungry enough to go back to New York. She had Dan here in Milford, and Dan was enough. It was fun rediscovering Dan as a man. She liked his devotion to the people, to the soil. She would never try to pry him away. Still, it would be sweet if he wanted to come—for her. But Dan was dear the way he was—his frankness, his simplicity. And she loved the way his hair grew away from his forehead.

Dan liked her to talk about the people she knew in New York, especially if they were well-known people like Annis Bell. She tried to tell him about Alex Cleveland, but he was not impressed.

"He's a big man in his way," she said; "young artists hang on Alex Cleveland because they know he can make them—with a word sometimes—and he's quite ruthless. But he always acknowledges a good piece of work."

"I've never heard of him," Dan said; "tell me some more about the chap who writes those Western stories—I read all of them I can get. He must be a wonderful man."

Fay smiled, and told him, and thought of the infinite variety of tastes there are in the world. But she did not deprecate. She loved Dan's delight in knowing about people whom he had read or heard about. It was fun to satisfy him; she was glad she had taken the time to meet some of the people one was always running into at teas in New York. Then she

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had regretted the hours away from her work, but she'd had to make contacts. She didn't regret the time now because those contacts had supplied her with an array of data for Dan.

"Annis Bell is coming up for a few days," she told him. "She's been playing in New England and has a break between engagements."

"You mean she's coming to visit you?"

"Why, of course." Fay smiled into his wide blue eyes.

"Well . . . I guess that will sort of take Milford by storm!"

She smiled again. She wished Alex Cleveland could hear him. He'd appreciate Dan. And then she knew quite surely that she didn't want to share him —even his simplicity—with Alex or any one. She wanted to keep everything about Dan, the way he laughed, the delightful widening of his blue eyes when she told him she could make $8,000 a year etching dogs and babies. All his smiling blandness she wanted to hug to herself because it was Dan. Her own eyes deepened when he stretched himself in one of her comfortable chairs; her hands trembled a little when she passed him a plate of the molasses cookies she worked so hard to bake. And Dan—she thought she recognized a different note in his voice when he spoke to her; he was beginning to notice the clothes she wore and to speak about them—a little awkwardly, but still his face lit up. She loved his awkwardness; she would rather hear him struggle to find a word for her than listen to all the quick, charming adjectives which Alex Cleveland would not have to reach for. There was something sweet about being inarticulate. . . .

"I don't see how you'll entertain Annis Bell," Dan said the night before she came.

Fay smiled. "I won't have to entertain her. She'll love just being here—the change and rest."

"It's quite wonderful that she wants to come."

"She wants to see me," Fay said, "to have a visit. You see . . ."—her voice faltered a little but her eyes laughed—"she thinks I'm quite a person."

Dan looked at her. "Well, you are a lovely girl, Fay, the nicest girl I've ever known, but still it's kind of unusual—a celebrity and all. Why, every one in America has heard of her, I guess."

"Some of America has heard of me." Fay smiled, but there was a little catch around her heart. Wouldn't Dan ever realize that she was an artist, wouldn't he ever worship a little? She was beginning to see that Dan would have to worship the woman he loved. He would have to set her apart. And to him she was still a little girl in a blue pinafore. That was sweet, but it was not conducive to worship.

The next morning Annis Bell came, tall and lovely in her dark furs, which heightened the incredible fineness of her skin. Fay thought that you couldn't describe her except as Alex Cleveland had done, saying she was a woman whom people would write poetry about. It was in her eyes and in her charming flexible mouth. Knowing her, Fay had almost forgotten the haunting effect of her beauty. There was so much to Annis Bell besides that—her rare humor and penetration—that one did forget. Annis Bell never remembered it herself; she recognized a valuable asset to her profession, fostered it, and promptly forgot it.

"My dear," she said in her low, beautiful voice, "it's good to see you. I've been hungry to talk with you." She looked around the tiny Milford station, drinking in the crystal-pure air. "I thought,

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with the rest of them, that you were mad to bury yourself here, but I take it back. It's lovely."

"I want you to see my cottage. Isn't it wonderful, Annis, to live in a house?"

Annis Bell sighed. "After apartments and hotel rooms a cottage sounds like heaven. And you look so well, Fay, so alive. How's the work going?"

"I haven't done much, Annis. You see I've gone domestic—keeping house."

"What fun!" They both laughed.

After they were settled cosily about the fire and Annis had exclaimed over the cottage, Fay told her about Dan.

"He's terribly eager to meet you. He think's it's quite amazing that you've come 'way up here."

"Amazing—to see you? You can't know how I rejoiced at my luck—three days between Boston and Northampton. Is the man stupid, Fay? Wouldn't any one come to see you?"

Fay laughed. "Oh, he's not stupid, he's simple, but he's sweet and . . ."

"And you care about him. I see. Then I'll be sweet to him, but I'd much rather just be with you."

They jumped into talk about New York—plays, books, exhibits, and etchings. Annis said that her present play, "The Way of Beauty," was terrible.

"It's so inartistic and insincere. Perhaps some time I'll get something corking, but I made the fatal mistake, Fay, of taking second-rate things. And I had enough intelligence to know they were second-rate. But the money beckoned me. When you've been living in hall bedrooms and eating at terrible places, money seems the only thing that is important."

"I know."

"Yet you've never compromised, Fay. You've done the difficult thing and you've arrived."

"Perhaps it's easier in etching. You can select your own subjects."

"Oh, no, it's the same in everything. That's why I admire you so tremendously, my dear."

"Thanks, darling. It was a pull but you'll do it, too. You *want* to. And, after all, everything is just wanting enough and sometimes getting the breaks."

"Breaks nothing," Annis smiled. "You're being kind."

That night Dan came for supper, exceedingly neat in a dark-blue suit. Annis met him graciously, casually, as though she had always lived in Milford. Fay left Dan to talk to her; she heard him mention seeing her in "Lady Theodora."

"That ridiculous play. Wasn't it terrible?"

She wondered what Dan had said. He was treating her as if she were a grand lady from another world, and calmly Annis was disregarding it.

"I saw the pictures Fay did of you, Miss Bell," Dan said after supper, his eyes caught in the loveliness of Annis Bell's face. "Perhaps she could do some more while you are here. It would be wonderful for Fay."

"Wonderful for Fay?" she smiled a little crookedly. "Have you seen her New York group or the French things? It's a waste of time for her to do me."

"You were interesting to do," Fay told her.

Annis Bell smiled again. "Tell me about Milford," she said, "the things you both used to do when you were children here. I grew up in the city and a country childhood fascinates me."

They told her, Fay mostly. Dan just looked, and sometimes added a word. He left about eleven, pulling himself with difficulty out of his chair.

"I've had a wonderful evening," he told Fay.

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Afterward Annis Bell spoke. "He can't appreciate you, but I suppose if you love him it's all right."

"I do . . ." Fay's voice faltered. "It's strange about loving; you either do or you don't. I've stopped wondering about it. It's too big. Besides, there's nothing to wonder about, Annis. As a little boy he was my ideal—so strong, always taking my part when we had fights with the other children, sharpening my pencils, sending me funny little valentines. And now that I've forgotten about ideals, I love his sweetness and his sincerity. You don't find those qualities very often. But . . . even if he didn't have them, I'd love him. . . ."

Annis nodded. "Yes—but I'd like to spank him."

Dan came in the next afternoon, bringing a basket of glowing red apples. Fay made tea and spread a little table by the fire. It was the first time that Dan had come in the afternoon; before he had always been too busy at the office or on the place. She didn't ask him to supper— Annis wanted to show her a play she had run across—and she was leaving in the morning.

Annis talked to him, mostly about Fay. Fay could hear her low, beautiful voice from the kitchen, where she was making toast.

"You must feel very proud here in Milford that Fay has come back."

"Well, Fay used to live here."

"I know—but an artist—a real artist like Fay doesn't often bother to come back to the place where she lived."

"I don't imagine *you'd* ever come back to a place like Milford, Miss Bell."

"I'm not an artist," Annis Bell said slowly; "I'm a second-rater beside Fay. You should hear the critics rave about her—Alex Cleveland, people who know. Already they're comparing her work with Pennell's. Oh, I couldn't begin to do the things Fay has done. I've slipped while she's forged ahead."

She heard Dan's incredulous laugh. "I'll never forget you in 'Lady Theodora,' " he said; "and I'll always remember that I met you afterward."

When Fay came in with the toast Annis was looking out of the window and Dan was looking at her.

Fay made an effort. Annis was bored, she knew—that faint, unseeing look about her eyes as if she were withdrawing herself. She would have to keep Dan from knowing.

After he left Annis was rather silent, but her eyes were soft; she was not remote now.

"Your eyes look the way they do, Annis, in the second act of a play—you know, during the big scene."

Annis smiled. "How amusing! But I've been thinking, Fay. There's a pitiful lot of irony in living, in wanting . . ."

"You'll get what you want, dear, some time. You're too good not to."

"I wasn't thinking of . . ." Annis checked herself. "It's been heavenly to be here."

The next morning, again wrapped in her dark furs, she left for Boston. Fay and Dan waved to her from the station. He was a little quiet as they walked back to the cottage. He leaned against the fireplace and took out his pipe.

"You know, Fay, it's wonderful just to meet a woman like that. I'll always be grateful to you."

"Why, Dan, it wasn't anything to do. I'm so glad you enjoyed meeting her."

"I'll always be grateful," he said slowly, his eyes looking across the room as though they were staring at some one; "just to meet her is something. She's so beautiful . . . and she's a great actress, she's known all over. And I met her,

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talked with her. I never met a person like that before—you know—who was great. And she's so beautiful . . .! Why, Fay, a man would go to the ends of the earth for a woman like that! Why, of course, of course, I'm nothing to her—never could be—but I'd follow a woman like that to New York, to China, anywhere she was. I'd live there, I'd give up the place, do anything she wanted. To think that she came here! Why, she's wonderful, Fay!"

Fay picked up a book; her hand trembled. She could see Dan's eyes, caught in beauty, worshipping. She could see the walls of her living-room—gay, hung with prints—receding. The ship's clock ticked mournfully; already her ladder-backed chairs looked lonesome. To-morrow these things would be packed, this room would be dismantled. She would never see Milford or this room again. Dan would never sit beside her tea-table, eating molasses cookies. . . . Then something cried out inside her, caught at her heart, and died slowly. Her slender hands made a gesture of protest; her throat felt queer.

"She came—with glamour," she said chokily.

# Radiance

By Elizabeth Larocque

Surely your memory should haunt this place
For on a silver night we two were here—
The stars were far and white, the moon's ghost-face
Was lifted to the sky as if in fear.

The city lights alone were warm and gold,
A distant liquid radiance below,
And where we stood the earth was still with cold—
The moonlight seemed reflected by the snow.

All this I can remember, though to-night
The earth is free of snow, the sky is wan,
The city is a pallid mist of light
And all the glamourous enchantment gone.

And yet—I have no memory of you
To haunt me with its half reality—
And wake my restless angry heart anew,
And set the thoughts I seek to silence free.

I cannot close my eyes and see your face—
The essence of your voice I do not know,
It is the lack of you that haunts this place—
If I had loved you this could not be so.

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# "Stately Science Pauses Not"

BY WILLSON WHITMAN

Did Mrs. Eddy err in founding a church? Have the Christian Science Church authorities really obscured the essence of Mrs. Eddy's teaching? This article is especially timely in view of the hostility of Church authorities toward writings from impartial sources, as shown in their campaign against recent books about Mrs. Eddy.

RECENT publications reflect a revival of interest in Mary Baker Eddy on the part of writers and readers wholly innocent of denominational interest in Christian Science. No longer are the curious limited to the "official" life or to those brief sketches included in volumes of great Americans or famous women or religious leaders of the world. One new biography appears as a featured serial in a well-known weekly while another establishes itself comfortably on best-selling book lists.

True, "Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind," by Edwin F. Dakin, has had the benefit of excellent publicity because Christian Science "Committees on Publication" and individually indignant Christian Scientists wrote protesting letters to the newspapers and otherwise bestirred themselves to advertise the book. If the method seems peculiar it must be remembered that Christian Science headquarters are in Boston, where an elementary law of pneumatics dealing with the relation between pressure and expansion seems generally misunderstood.

In these days of priceless publicity when it is possible to convert almost any knock into a boost, the acute sensitiveness to criticism displayed by the Christian Science organization is unusual. Considering Mr. Dakin's book as an obvious example, a bystander familiar with both the Christian Science and the ordinary view-points feels moreover that Christian Scientists are the very people who should read most profitably. The general reader, though entertained, must miss many finer implications; it is the student of Christian Science anxious to arrive at whatever truths it may contain, and to avoid errors inseparable from any human system, who owes most gratitude to Mr. Dakin for calling attention to certain contradictions between the theory and the ordinary practice of Christian Science and for offering—unintentionally perhaps but no less helpfully—an explanation. No Christian Science practitioner tracing a connection between moral issues and disease could ask for a clearer diagnosis than Mr. Dakin's to prove that stormy periods in the history of the movement as well as difficulties in Mrs. Eddy's own career were due to fear, jealousy, or similar human weaknesses sufficient to cause not only discord but death.

If it were only for its dragging into daylight that absurd bugbear "malicious animal magnetism," and its reminder that a devil under any name is out of place in a religion of omnipresent good, the sane Christian Scientist must find genuine usefulness in Mr. Dakin's book. Before we leave the subject of "animal



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magnetism," however, it may be as well to point out that the term itself, silly as it sounds to normal ears, is not so inapt when dissected in the light of an idealistic philosophy. If human progress, that is, consists in evolution away from the brute, then any clinging to animal existence—the backward-pulling attraction of such existence—is all the devil there can be. In this one sense the term has its excuse for being; it is a fair equivalent for St. Paul's phrase translated "the carnal mind" which was "enmity against God." It is not foolish for the philosopher to be on guard against such an attraction in his own mind; in fact most philosophers achieve a philosophic detachment only after arduous wrestling with "animal magnetism" understood in this sense. The recent Keyserling manifesto against American errors might well have described our national mind as suffering from delusion in Mrs. Eddy's own term. But the really fatal error, as Mr. Dakin points out, is to fear the operation of "animal magnetism" in other minds than one's own.

Further gratitude is due Mr. Dakin for recording that Mrs. Eddy herself found cause to alter her teachings at various stages, so that Christian Science as she conceived it was not a static but a progressive system. In this one particular of alteration indeed it could be wished that the biographer had departed even farther from the attitude of orthodox Christian Science. Like the Boston church in its loyal references to its Leader as still leading, Mr. Dakin seems to be lacking now and then in a sense of time and the changes that time brings. Not only does he find cause for comment in the trifles that were matters of contemporary taste, recording that Mrs. Eddy wore plumes in her bonnet when every woman wore plumes, and that she wrote dreadful sentences when so did most lady writers of the period. Not only does he see sex-interest in her multiple marriages in a day when marriage for a woman was not so much an emotional outlet as a conventional means of livelihood and a respectable necessity for a female in the public eye. Mr. Dakin makes a more serious lapse in failing to allow for the changes that time may make in individual character and understanding. He draws the picture of a nervous child, an emotionally unstable young woman, and carries these characteristics on to explain the actions of a woman past middle age and past, too, experiences sufficient to alter her whole outlook. Surely even the Freudian assumption of a character jellied in early youth admits the possibility of later adjustments, or the whole therapeutic scheme of Freudian psychology must fall with that of Christian Science.

Again, with an optimism generally left to Christian Scientists, Mr. Dakin seems inclined to deny the excuse of advancing age and to demand from an old lady past eighty the wisdom and strength of earlier days. That she did to some extent meet this demand obscures somewhat an essential in the interpretation of Mrs. Eddy's career—the fact that though she left her impress on the twentieth century she lived principally in the nineteenth.

Even here, however, Mr. Dakin's attitude shines by comparison with that of Boston, which has steadfastly resisted any effort to point out that since Mrs. Eddy was known to change her opinions during her lifetime she might presumably have changed them further had she lived longer. To a detached observer it is obvious that a lady who reflected so perfectly the fashions of her era in clothes, marriages, and rhetoric

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should prefer modernization to monuments in this age.

So swiftly do our views change that perhaps the modernist's very omissions may prove his most telling comment. To one midway between the viewpoints it seems that Mr. Dakin has failed to emphasize sufficiently the fact that while Mrs. Eddy was a nonconformist in her own day she was nevertheless influenced by its opinions. Especially was she, we must believe, loyal to the Victorian concept of duty that colored actions which the modern mind is quick to explain in terms of self-interest or exhibitionism. The Victorian mind was not accustomed to suspect its own motives, particularly the noble ones, and to look for the Messiah complex in every impulse to save the world. On the contrary, devotion, whole-souled and complete and devastating devotion to a cause, was held to be a mark of high character. When Mrs. Eddy wrote "I saw before me the sick, wearing out years of servitude to an unreal master," she wrote as a contemporary and sincere admirer of John Brown and William Lloyd Garrison, who had stopped at nothing in preaching their own forms of abolition. Quaint as it seems, altruism and even reform were words of serious import to the Victorians. They were none of them compromisers; and in their honest respect for prophets, themselves included, they never stopped to consider that deviation from the normal argued something wrong with one's mind.

Naturally when such confident devotion came in conflict with a lesser personal loyalty the latter had to yield. So we have Mrs. Eddy preserving what she felt to be the purity of her Science against adulteration at the hands of her own students, to lengths which Mr. Dakin sees as a betrayal for personal interests. But the interests, to a Victorian, were not personal, any more than in the classic instance of Florence Nightingale's goading of Sydney Herbert to serve her ends. Lytton Strachey in "Eminent Victorians" gives Miss Nightingale credit for disinterestedness which Mr. Dakin denies to Mrs. Eddy. But Mr. Strachey is some years nearer sympathy with his Victorian lady.

However, in her more lucid moments, Mrs. Eddy did not ask for sympathy. As if she realized a necessity for separating those truths she sought to defend from her own as well as from other human misconceptions, she really sought to withdraw herself. If, as the bright light of biography discloses, one reason for the withdrawal was sheer physical disability, that disability was from the Christian Science standpoint merely the symbol of an error which had no right to interfere. Thus when a student wrote to ask, "Is it right for me to treat others when I am not entirely well myself?" Mrs. Eddy reinforced her affirmative with a reference to St. Paul, who healed the sick in spite of a thorn in the flesh. Another familiar Christian Science answer to this question is, "If you are trying to cure others with your rheumatism"—or whatever the practitioner's personal difficulty may be—*"don't;* if you are relying on the power of God, go ahead."

This habit of maintaining one's convictions in the face of evidence to the contrary, so common to Christian Science and so annoying to outsiders, would be indefensible if the question were merely one of faith. Faith maintained in the face of overwhelming contrary evidence is to the modern mind not admirable but idiotic. Here however it must be remembered that "faith healing," though to many minds a generali-

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zation for Christian Science, is in fact disclaimed and discredited by accurate practitioners of that science. Faith healing involves the operation of the human mind, which—according to Christian Science—causes but does not reliably or permanently cure disease. In short, disease is actually eliminated by understanding, not faith; and the Christian Scientist turns the tables to see faith as the healer not only in cases of religious credulity but in the common recoveries due to faith in medicine, chiropractic, or osteopathy.

So it is that even his failures do not dismay the Christian Scientist; he sees them not as evidences of mistaken trust but mistaken practice. Not the system but its application is wrong. And this, it must be acknowledged, is the general attitude of medical science as well!

Yet in order to learn from his mistakes and the mistakes of others the Christian Scientist must acknowledge them; must admit them as apparent conditions of his present state even if he does not allow them a permanent place in his cosmogony. Reluctance to acknowledge error is a universal tendency, but modern respect for the laboratory rather than the cloister has some foundation in the fact that, generally speaking, the physical scientist has not claimed infallibility with quite the greedy assurance of his ecclesiastical predecessors. Mundane science has exhibited a stronger faith than religion in the ability of truth to proclaim itself.

Thus any one who seriously considers Christian Science as a science must conclude that the greatest of Mrs. Eddy's mistakes, the one most inconsistent with her teachings, was that step for which the world and her biographers have praised her. She founded a church.

Euclid did not establish a church to hand down his theorems. Copernicus and Galileo, Crookes, and Newton were content to do without organizations to perpetuate their discoveries or even creeds to embody them.

But Victorian respectability demanded churches as forcibly as the modern mind is repelled by them. For the first time in the history of the world a science held Sunday services. Immediately, of course, it ceased to be a science and became a denomination.

In spite of her belief in its necessity and a maternal pride in its success, there is evidence that Mrs. Eddy herself wearied now and then of the organization she constructed, and considered—as she once actually ordered—its dissolution. She wanted a sanctuary in which she might keep her Science safe from perversion, and she was to find out over and over again that its foes were those of its own household. Naturally the suspicion that in founding the church she had, so to speak, caught a bear could not be without distress to a woman whose mind, in spite of convolutions and excrescences in keeping with the period, was structurally sound. Mr. Dakin reports as coincidences of evident meaning that new provisions for church government were often accompanied, in Mrs. Eddy's personal experience, by physical distress; as he puts it, "previous to issuing a new by-law Mrs. Eddy always suffered an attack." Evidently the indication, to Mr. Dakin, is that the by-laws were the products of a disordered mind. Peculiar as some of these ordinances were, to another interpreter the case is rather that the physical distress followed always the mental stress of a church row or schism of some description; anxiety about the organization thus becomes the cause, physical suffer-

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ing the effect, and the by-law merely a by-product. Had Mrs. Eddy's whole-souled concern for the welfare of the church that was her child subsided before conviction that a truly scientific system could take care of itself, she might have dissolved the church indeed and regained her peace of mind. Instead she labored to hedge the church about with rules requiring her continuing guidance to save it from paralysis. And it was her own dissolution that occurred.

Of whatever faults may be inherent in the Christian Science organization it is not my place to speak. Mark Twain covered the case long ago, mentioning a parallel with the Church of Rome that is particularly felicitous when you consider the orthodox Christian Scientist's puritanical abhorrence of Catholicism. It is sufficient, I think, to point out the inconsistency of the church's very existence. A science requires elucidation; it can do with books and magazines and pamphlets; but pews and stained-glass windows are hardly scientific essentials. To have trusted individual understanding and application of principles plainly set forth, above all to see that the principles *were* plainly set forth—that was the scientific course.

I mentioned Mrs. Eddy's style in writing as a common attribute of Victorian ladyhood. Whatever you may think of her principles, her syntax was not immortal. Yet it can hardly be denied that the Christian Science Church has steadily discouraged, with a firmness not unworthy of Rome, clear statement of Christian Science by any writer competent to present its teachings in undated language and in form capable of survival in competition with "Science and Health." Short articles dealing with various phases of Christian Science, written by members of the Mother Church in good standing, are acceptable for publication in the Christian Science periodicals. You cannot put the whole of Christian Science in a magazine article, and the writing of books is not invited. True, Mrs. Eddy herself set down that "a student can write voluminous books on Science without trespassing, if he writes honestly." Nevertheless a Christian Scientist who writes a book about Christian Science might very likely cease to be a church member in good standing.

In the history of Christian Science there have been at least two men who wrote of it intelligibly, who learned its principles from Mrs. Eddy and were capable of putting what they learned into readable language. One, Edward A. Kimball, left no book, although a garbled collection of his colloquial remarks, set down by students loyal to him but disloyal to the tenets of orthodox Christian Science, has long been bootlegged Christian Science literature. The other, Frederick Dixon, an internationally known English journalist who became editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* when it was founded and guided it through its palmy days, wrote much and well on Christian Science, but his informed and cleverly written articles have never been reprinted in book form.

And so "Science and Health," misplaced commas and all, remains "the only text-book on Christian Science." Perhaps it is just as well. To the untutored minds to which, with the Victorian's unquenchable faith in democracy, Mrs. Eddy most desired to appeal its construction presents no shocks and its similes even convey grandeur, while its repetitions bring reassurance and its subtle ambiguities simply do not exist. To the more intelligent reader, it may be argued, faults of expression may prove

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only hurdles encouraging the development of mental muscles, grappling with Mrs. Eddy's grammar thus being a training for coming to grips with his own more serious errors of thought. Nevertheless, wider rather than deeper education has now developed a new class of minds—minds which, though grounded in grammatical properties and finicky about style, are not tough enough to extract the kernel of meaning from a paragraph which on its surface appears but a collection of *non-sequiturs*. To minds of this description, nowadays in the majority, "Science and Health" can hardly hope to appeal.

It is perhaps unfortunate, too, for the informed reader, that the book attempts to build, if not from the ground up, on remnants of evangelical Protestantism rather than on a foundation of philosophy already laid. Any reader familiar with Plato, with Epictetus, with almost any system of non-materialistic philosophy, realizes that many basic principles laid down in "Science and Health" were expounded with greater clarity some centuries before. Mrs. Eddy, it seems certain enough, knew little of Plato; she lived in an age when ladies weren't expected to be familiar with pagan philosophy. Though late in life she referred once or twice to Epictetus, it was not to remark on his apt support of her own stand: "As a mark is not set up for the purpose of missing the aim, so neither does the nature of evil exist in the world."

As a matter of fact, the most remarkable of all parallels to the teachings of Christian Science may be found in the writings of Johannes Scotus Erigena, "John the Scot," an Irish monk with Neo-Platonic tendencies who taught at the court of Charles the Bald in ninth-century France, and died in England after being accused of heresy on more than a hundred counts. As John's writings are still interred in mediæval Latin the world in general shares Mrs. Eddy's ignorance of them.

To remark that it would have been easier to build on foundations already laid is, of course, to deny rather than to suggest any charge of plagiarism. It seems to be generally conceded that Mrs. Eddy did discover Christian Science at least in the good old sense of the word meaning to impart, to communicate, to make known, if not to invent. Certainly she was unique in her application of existent moral and philosophical principles to the cure of disease. Plato indeed had written in a passage of the *Charmides:*

"This is the reason why the cure of many diseases is unknown to the physicians of Hellas, because they are ignorant of the whole, which ought to be studied also; for the part can never be well until the whole is well. And therefore if the head and body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul; that is the first thing."

But we have no record of Platonic philosophy curing or attempting to cure disease. It required, perhaps, a woman —practically inclined, as women are, troubled as a woman may be by her own illness and that of others—to believe that physical ills, though looming large in the human mind, could be affected either by the action of that mind or by the operation of a humanitarian Providence moving as an available Principle. No one before Mrs. Eddy seems to have hoped that the ancient theory that matter has only a subjective existence, and the no-less-ancient hypothesis as to the unreality— *i. e.,* the essential power-

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lessness and impermanence—of evil might be used here and now to cure a toothache or a cold.

It is, of course, in this attitude as to the unreality of evil that Christian Science rouses most opposition; and frequently a reference to classical parallels is useless because the pessimistic modern temper is often quite willing to call Plato a silly old Pollyanna. At least, however, modern tolerance must allow the writer who provides a glossary to use words in accordance with his own definitions, and having defined substance or reality as "that which is eternal and incapable of discord or decay," Mrs. Eddy must be granted the privilege of calling temporal, discordant and decadent conditions insubstantial and unreal. But is this the attitude seen by her biographer as categoric denial of the reality of the objective universe? She herself spoke of "the fact in Science, that the heavens and earth to one consciousness, that consciousness which God bestows, are spiritual, while to another, the unillumined human mind, the vision is material. This shows unmistakably that what the human mind terms matter and spirit indicates states and stages of consciousness." Certainly the reader of these sentences, while he may accuse Mrs. Eddy of having "states and stages of consciousness" regarding the heavens and even the earth, cannot accuse her of categorically denying them.

The fact is that she disposed of the universe only in terms which are now acceptable to any advanced physicist, and those who jeered at her views of matter could find equal cause for merriment in, say, "The Nature of the Physical World." To a thorough materialist, statements such as "in dissecting matter into electric charges we have travelled far from that picture of it which first gave rise to the conception of substance, and the meaning of that conception—if it ever had any—has been lost by the way." "There is no causal effect to be attributed to mass; still less is there any to be attributed to matter." "Recognizing that the physical world is entirely abstract and without 'actuality' apart from its linkage to consciousness, we restore consciousness to the fundamental position . . ." are as incredible as any to be found in "Science and Health." But their author's name is not Eddy; it is Eddington.

Indeed, it is in remarkable correlations now possible between certain of Mrs. Eddy's conclusions and those of more recent writers that the Christian Scientist who relinquishes faith in the Mother Church may still find comfort. Divisions within the fold may seem to deny the familiar Christian Science assertion that "The children of God have but one Mind." No matter; in "Possible Worlds" no less an authority than J. B. S. Haldane confesses: "I notice that when I think logically and scientifically or act morally my thoughts and actions cease to be characteristic of myself, and are those of any intelligent or moral being in the same position; in fact, I am already identifying my mind with an absolute or un-conditioned mind."

Within the fifteen years of my own knowledge of Christian Science not only have the views of leading physicists come to acquire a metaphysical tinge, but the whole general attitude toward the part played by the human mind in causing disease has undergone radical change. The public may not yet be willing to admit the possibility of worrying oneself into a specific disease such as scarlet fever. But the possibility of wor-

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rying oneself into serious physical difficulties is not denied. In such popularly intelligible books as Cannon's "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear, and Rage" mental causation of definite physical conditions is admitted and explained. And, of course, the curative attempts of modern psychology are based frankly enough on the mind-over-matter principle once held to be the exclusive stock in trade of a crazy woman in Boston.

Glimmers of these ideas have so far penetrated the ordinary mind as to revise even our codes of public conduct and conversation. "Speaking of operations" is not, really it is not, the indoor sport it once was. The boast "I never take medicine" is more frequently heard in the land. Even death is no longer spoken of with bated breath; funerals have lost much gloom and glamour, mourning has gone out of fashion. These latter improvements may be in part attributed to the infiltration of spiritistic as well as Christian Science ideas; but it is the Christian Science verb "to pass on" which has become the delicate circumlocution for dying.

True, accepting its catchwords, accepting even its manners and methods, the public still fails to accept the main contention of Christian Science that there is a very practical connection between ethical intent and material result. The world is not quite ready to agree that life itself may be a science to be learned instead of attacked haphazardly, "by ear." But our new social stoicism fails to hide a growing impatience with the dissonances produced by those whose ear is poor. And so when Mr. Dakin says of Mrs. Eddy, "She was a sick woman, and thought that all the world was ill. She desired escape, and thought that all humanity must need release," there must be those here and there who are not too healthy and free to say, Well, and Well?

Of her "unique universe" the biographer's conclusion was that "Probably the majority will always be on the outside." But no longer are the boundaries so well defined. There is peaceful penetration on both sides. And so, what with manners changing to follow many of her suggestions, what with leading physicists putting her wildest theories into impeccable form and the world in general adopting her ideas one by one, perhaps Mrs. Eddy need not worry if her church splits into warring factions and sinks into innocuous desuetude with the other churches, or if "Science and Health" itself becomes a monument to Victorian incoherence. From whatever vantage point she now surveys our scene she may be able to glimpse the shadowy outlines of a church universal; and surely she can piece together a new text-book from the writings of Eddington, Haldane, Cannon and company—not forgetting the plays and prefaces of a Mr. Shaw. True, she gets no personal credit; for these eminent gentlemen, even when they agree with her, ignore her as she ignored Plato. But at least, in her own phrase—"Stately Science pauses not."

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# Murderers Shouldn't Overlook Little Things!

BY JOHN HAWK

It was six years since Ralph Saunders had come to Moody Point, yet no one in the neighborhood knew much about him. He was a recluse by nature, though affable enough when confronted by humanity. He had been in his early fifties when the old inhabitants of Moody Point, that isolated wooded strip of land which juts out into the Sound just beyond New London, first saw him alight from the accommodation train which stops twice daily at the neat little station. He had come alone; for a time he had boarded with Ma Hubbard, then he had taken Simon Phelps's cottage on the east shore. By Moody Point standards, he wasn't poor; but neither had he, in those first years, shown any indication of wealth. About two years after his appearance, however, Ralph Saunders's fortunes seemed to take a turn. He, unexpectedly—that is, unexpectedly as far as the inhabitants of Moody Point were concerned—gave up the Phelps cottage and bought a gaunt, rambling house on the north shore. A largish estate it was, with gardens of sorts and nice beech woods. At one time it had belonged to a New York magnate who had tired of it and unceremoniously departed to gayer environs. The place still bore the name of its original owner, and was always referred to by the natives as Martin's Folly, a name which greatly tickled the new owner's fancy.

There were, perhaps, at that time, half a dozen places on the north shore which had some pretension to being estates. Before he had moved out that way Saunders had been acquainted with pretty nearly everybody there. You don't have to be of a particularly gregarious bent to get acquainted at Moody Point.

Ralph Saunders had a middle-aged woman to look after his needs. In addition, there was an old man who had always lived on the Point, like his father before him; he came every day, summer or winter, rain or shine, to attend to the "yard" and help with the heavy work. Tim, they called him. The woman's name was Susan. They both spoke very highly of their employer, who was lenient in his demands on them, and generous with his remunerations. Since Susan first came to him he had given her one night each week to go to visit her daughter over Willimantic way. It had always been on Thursday that Susan trudged down the dirt road to the little station and boarded the six-fifteen train. And on each Friday she would reappear on the ten-forty-two in the morning. Nothing ever interfered with her unremitting regularity. Mr. Saunders was a kind gentleman and he "did for himself" while she was gone; though ofttimes Tim would come and start his breakfast for him.

On the first Thursday in December there was no variation of the established routine. Susan was observed to board the six-fifteen. Tim had walked with her, turning off at the path which



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led to the village tavern. No longer could Tim obtain what he wanted at the ancient hostelry, but habit is a strange thing. He couldn't seem to get out of the way of turning down that grass-overgrown path every Thursday—pay day—exactly as he had done in the good old days before the teetotalers got their way. Tim now drank near-beer, but he had never learned to do it with good grace.

Of course, every one at Moody Point knew that between six in the afternoon on Thursday, when Susan left, and in the morning on Friday, when Tim put in his appearance, Ralph Saunders was alone at Martin's Folly.

And on the first Thursday in December there was one man at Moody Point who used this common information for his own ends.

It had been a dark day; the clouds hung low over the tiny peninsula. About nine o'clock the night set in so black that it was difficult to see your hand before your face.

Ralph Saunders was sitting by the old lamp, reading and puffing regularly at his pipe, when he heard a familiar step on the porch. A smile of smug satisfaction spread over his thin face. He laid down his book and rose to meet the guest who had entered without knocking.

"Good evening, Fred, you've brought the money, I notice," he greeted the other. "I thought you'd see your way clear to getting it when you took time to consider the consequences of failing me. 'Let him take his time,' I said to myself. 'He'll see reason. I need the money, and he's got it to give me. I know something that it's worth his while to keep others from knowing!' Demand and Supply. That's at the bottom of all successful business ventures. You demand silence, and I supply it! And it's a commodity you need mighty badly, Fred." He held out his hand for the bundle of yellow-backs which the other loosely held.

Ralph Saunders was a shrivelled little man, not over-strong, but he had never known the meaning of fear. He knew when he had the upper hand. And he enjoyed it.

"Sit down, Fred, and have a game of chess . . . do. . . . We've been friends these twenty years. You've nothing against me because I've got to live, now have you?" His bright little eyes peered searchingly up at the other.

"Nothing," returned Fred Atkins, heavily, as he sank with a thud into a big chair. Atkins was large and bony, a very giant beside his host. His thick gray hair and mild blue eyes, wreathed with tiny wrinkles, betokened the approach of middle age far more than did his virile figure. The hand which he now held out with the money was powerful and steady, but there was no malice in the broad open face; while the gesture with which he made his offering was gentleness itself. He seemed to have no interest in the transaction, in which the other man was the gainer and he the loser.

"Yes, let's have a game, Ralph," he agreed amiably. "You've won so far. To-night, mayhap, it'll be my inning. . . ."

Saunders turned a second searching look upon his guest. Nothing but bland good-nature was visible on the weather-tanned face. The mild blue eyes which met his were without guile.

"I'll get the men right out, Fred. Just let me lock this up first!" He went to an old secretary which stood in one corner

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of the room and, taking a key from his pocket, opened it. He placed the money inside and carefully relocked it. "I've been taking extree care since you've warned me about thieves, Fred. I always put it under lock and key, and I've bought the automatic you suggested. It does give me a more comfortable feeling, jest as you said it would . . . he . . . he . . . he . . ." he tittered with repressed glee.

Fred Atkins did not seem to hear. He was wholly oblivious of the mental processes of his host, while he was silently thinking his own thoughts, carefully rehearsing his well-laid plan.

Ralph Saunders had been taking out the chessmen as he spoke. He now arranged the board in front of his friend and set out the men. He possessed a particularly beautiful and expensive set of hand-carved ivory chess pieces, red and white. He was inordinately fond of the game, in which he excelled, and he would often get out his exquisite men and solve the tedious problems which appeared in the daily newspapers. It was to him what playing at soldiers is to a small boy: a pastime and a passion. He would move the men about in proud red and white formations just as the boy arranges his soldiers in battle array. Only his was an army from the ancient days, when knights and kings and bishops held sway.

They played a game in silence. Saunders won, as always. Somewhere in the region of the kitchen an old clock stammered out the hour of ten.

"It isn't really late . . . you've time for one more!" urged Saunders, as he saw his guest shift uneasily in his chair.

"All right!" agreed Atkins absently. His face had assumed a strange, rapt expression as if he were in a trance.

Saunders began to reset the men, chatting merrily meanwhile.

"Hope the wife's recovered," he said genially. "I saw little May down-town yesterday. She's growing into a mighty pretty gal. Looks more like her mother every day. . . ."

"Yes, . . ." replied Atkins automatically, as he moved his king's pawn forward two squares. He had no mind for the game or his host's gossip. His whole concentrated being was rehearsing his plan, over and over again. He went through it step by step. There wasn't a flaw; there couldn't be a flaw.

They played perhaps for ten minutes in silence. Then Saunders paused to study the situation. He would sometimes sit thus for hours.

Atkins moved restlessly. "You've never shown me that automatic, Ralph," he said.

"When we finish this . . . soon's we finish this . . ." his host assured him irritably. He hated to be spoken to when he was studying his move.

Again they played in silence. Again Saunders won.

"I'll jest get that leetle toy and show it to you," he said, when the checkmate was achieved. "I keep it in the drawer to the secretary . . . to always have it handy. . . ."

His bright bird-like eyes scrutinized his guest again, as he rose and with swift, tripping steps secured his new automatic. He couldn't have told why, but he felt better, more comfortable, once the cold steel was in his hand.

Fred Atkins rose as he approached. He bent casually to look at the automatic which his own subtle, persistent suggestions had at last induced his host to buy.

"Loaded?" A simple word, but there

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was something terrifying in it that night.

"It is," retorted Saunders in tones of grim satisfaction. He wasn't afraid. Why should he be? He was armed, and he was sure Fred wasn't. Then, too, Fred Atkins was hardly the sort of man to resort to violence. There'd never been even an angry word between them.

"Well, I guess I'd better be getting along!" Atkins took up his great-coat as he spoke and took his gloves from its pocket. Suddenly his hand went to his head. He stumbled. "Funny, I feel faint," he said. "Mind if I just get a drink. . . . My stomach hasn't been any too good lately."

"You'll find fresh water in the pitcher on the table!" Saunders was concerned. It wouldn't suit his purposes if Fred Atkins should meet a premature death. For several years he had been enjoying a steady and substantial income, and he had no mind to see death deprive him of it. While he toyed with his new weapon he heard his guest pour out the water. Then Fred's slow deliberate step fell on his ear. He must be feeling better, he decided with relief.

With the startling suddenness of a lightning flash the hand which held the automatic was seized from behind by a large, muscular gloved hand; his left arm was pinioned to his side. Saunders struggled and tried to cry out, although he knew that no one could hear. It was a mile or more to the nearest inhabited house. Relentlessly the powerful hand which gripped his raised the automatic to his temple. He felt the cold steel against his head. He tried to pray. A shot rang out. Ralph Saunders stiffened, then slowly crumpled up. His head dropped forward on his chest.

With the nervous tension and concentration of a person who has work of vital importance to do, work in which the slightest mistake or miscalculation may mean loss of life, Fred Atkins set about the task of clearing up all signs of his presence in the house. In reality, he did just what he had so often done during the last two years in his dream-like plans.

He had rehearsed over and over again the part. Everything had happened as he had planned. Not in one jot had his calculations miscarried.

Quickly but carefully he gathered up the carved ivory chessmen from the board and replaced them in their box, not each in its niche, but carelessly as he had so often seen Ralph Saunders do. He put the table exactly where it had stood when he entered. He had observed the precise position of each object on many previous visits and, earlier in the evening, he had verified each memory. He looked critically at the body where it slumped in its chair, the automatic on the floor at its side. There would be no finger-prints except those of the dead man on its steel surface He carefully smoothed the rug where it had become wrinkled by the struggle of the dead man's feet. He knocked the smouldering ashes out of the pipe which lay on the edge of the table. He closed the book, which Saunders had laid aside, open and face downward, at his arrival. He turned the lamp wick to such a height as he judged would slowly burn out. It didn't matter much about that; the darkness was far too dense for any light to be visible from the road, even in the unheard-of event of a passer-by at so late an hour.

Last of all, he took the key from the dead man's pocket, opened the old secretary and regained the bills he had so

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casually handed over a couple of hours earlier. He needed the money, and, moreover, he didn't want any awkward questions asked if the bank had kept the numbers of the notes, as it probably had.

Everything completed, with no hitch anywhere, he paused in the doorway to survey his handiwork. Ralph Saunders was the perfect picture of a suicide which he had so often conjured up in his imagination. Nothing in the room was deranged. No telltale mark had been left to herald his visit abroad.

He put his heavy overcoat across his arm, took his soft felt hat and pulled it down over his eyes. Then he went out, closing the door behind him as he had found it when he came.

With a firm step he started down the frozen dirt road over the three miles which separated him from his home. He had waited a fortnight for that road to freeze. He didn't intend to be caught because of a careless footprint. It had taken months to get Saunders into the frame of mind to purchase an automatic—yet he had waited two further weeks for the frost to set in. They said all murderers overlooked something. But he had schemed and waited until no flaw should mar his handiwork.

He felt suddenly elated. He wanted to run and shout. His step had the old spring which it had lacked ever since Ralph Saunders recognized him as the Fred Atkins who in the old days in California had married his sister and who was still her husband in the eyes of the law. Bigamy is not a nice word, but bigamy was the word with which Saunders had greeted him on that unforgetable day, four years ago.

And he had paid! Ralph Saunders had hoarded up a veritable miser's wealth. But always Atkins had known it couldn't go on. The time would come when he couldn't get enough to satisfy the insatiable demands of his brother-in-law. It was when that time loomed near that he had begun to plan the deed which he had so deftly executed.

His broad face was resplendent and his pale blue eyes were misty with tenderness when he went in to his wife, who had been waiting up for him.

"You're late to-night, dear. Did you stop in for a game with Saunders?"

He held himself well in hand. He didn't start at the question. He knew how natural it was. His wife and his neighbors all knew that ofttimes he dropped in for a "game" with Saunders. Little did they surmise what a grim game it was he played at Martin's Folly.

"No. . . . I just tramped about. . . . You know Saunders expects me to-morrow. I'm not fond enough of cooped-up rooms to play with him oftener than my regular weekly game."

How naturally he had spoken. He told himself that he had done what he had done for his wife's and children's sake. But in his heart he knew that he had evened an old score. And he was glad.

The following morning he awoke confidently to the crisp clear beauty of a December day. He whistled as he dressed.

It was eleven years since he had retired from business and come with his family to Moody Point. He had rarely left this retreat of his; until Ralph Saunders found him out he had been content. But last year he had become restless and at his wife's suggestion they had gone abroad. It was in London during this trip that he had seen a play call-

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ed "The Fourth Wall." He had known even as he watched the action that it was what he had been waiting for. He felt as if a benign fate had guided him to it. He went twice more, alone, to see the play. And on the preceding night he had carried out with technical perfection the act of murder exactly as he had seen it portrayed on the London stage.

He set out to get the morning's mail with a singularly light heart. Some curious chance brought old Tim to the post-office at the same moment.

"Good morning, Tim," he greeted him without the least nervousness. "How's the master this morning?"

"'Morning, Mister Atkins, yer 'ave-n't 'eard ther bad news, 'ave yer?" Tim raised troubled eyes, "They say as 'ow ther master killed 'isself, but I disagree with them young 'uns. I says, says I, 'What fer should ther master kill 'is-self?'"

"Saunders dead!" Atkins had interpolated with just the right shade of horror and amazement. Then, when old Tim had finished speaking, he continued gravely, as if he were weighing the matter from every side. "Yes, Tim, when you first think of it, there is certainly no reason why Mr. Saunders should commit suicide, yet. . . ." He paused reflectively. "Yet if the sad news you bring is true, it seems as if he *must* have done it. You see, Tim, no one would want to murder such a fine, generous man as Mr. Saunders!" He breathed more freely when he had said that. Several persons had gathered around them, and were vociferously expressing their opinions.

"That's what ther constable says," Tim admitted, with evident reluctance. "'Owsomever, I disagree. . . ."

"But, Tim," Atkins gently chided him. "Surely Constable Higgins should know. It's his business, after all. . . ."

He carried the news home to his wife, and in a moment of privacy took the precaution to ask her to say that he had returned at nine o'clock, if the children or servants or any one else should ask. "It might lead to a lot of unpleasant publicity if they discovered I was roaming about in that vicinity last night," he explained easily.

He still felt relieved and elated. But he was beginning to wish that the coming days were past instead of ahead. Except for the natural gossip, the day passed uneventfully.

On the following morning Atkins chanced to meet a mutual friend of Saunders and himself, by the name of Stone. This Stone suggested that they take a run in his car to Martin's Folly and see if they could be of any assistance. Atkins complied willingly. He plumed himself on the knowledge that he, unlike other criminals, neither dreaded nor longed to revisit the scene of his crime. He was superbly indifferent to and aloof from such emotions. "It's all tommyrot!" he thought to himself.

When they reached the rambling red house two men were emerging from the front entrance. One Atkins recognized as the local constable; the other he knew by sight. It was the county detective. Behind them, her expansive figure framed in the doorway, stood Susan. She greeted them in a subdued manner suited to the solemnity of the occasion, and explained who they were to the police officers.

Constable Higgins knew them, and Stone was already talking with him:

"Terrible 'bout poor Saunders. Terrible. But I always allowed that he was a bit funny. . . ." He tapped his head

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with his index finger, and nodded significantly.

"You both knew him well?" Miller's glance encompassed the two men.

"Fairly . . ." they replied in unison. "We'd come once a week or so to play chess with him," Stone explained.

"So Miss Susan was telling me." The county detective paused thoughtfully. "You don't know of any personal trouble which might have caused Saunders to take his life?"

"We don't any of us know much about him, to tell the truth," Atkins spoke up with disarming frankness. How often had he rehearsed for just such a meeting!

"I've known Saunders ever since he came here," Stone shook his head. He was plainly puzzled. "Queer as he was, I never thought he'd take his own life."

"That's just what his old hired man was telling me." The county detective considered the matter for a full minute. "Well, we mustn't detain these kind gentlemen," he turned to the waiting constable. "If anything new comes up, we'll let you know," he called to the two men over his shoulder as, accompanied by Higgins, he jumped into the waiting little roadster and disappeared.

"Nice man," observed Susan. "He give me a deal of trouble nosing into everything, but he was very perlite and respectful. . . ."

Atkins wasn't paying much attention to Susan. His mind was going over the details of his handiwork. Higgins-proof, he thought with satisfaction. Miller-proof, too. He felt warm and happy.

At Stone's suggestion they spent the day together in New London. Atkins stopped at the best florist's shop there and ordered a gorgeous wreath to be sent to Martin's Folly on the morrow. Susan had said the funeral would not be delayed.

He arrived home too late to see his wife, and it was not until breakfast on the next morning, when he was avidly devouring the newspaper accounts of the Saunders affair, that she had an opportunity to tell him of a circumstance which had troubled her.

"A new man from the cleaner's came yesterday for that gray suit of yours. I didn't know you had soiled it. He said the suit you had been wearing on Thursday, you told him. That was the one you meant, wasn't it, dear?"

His lips were pressed together; his hands and arms taut as corded steel. He knew he must betray no sign of the fear which suddenly welled up within him. That was his safety. To show nothing. They'd find nothing on that suit. He was no one's fool! That suit was as innocuous as was his manner. They'd find nothing! He'd seen to that! But it had given him a start, just the same. Miller must have suspected him all the time, when he was talking to him up at Martin's Folly. It did give a man a nasty jolt. But he was himself again. He'd only have the laugh on them, for their pains! He answered his wife indifferently, said she had been quite right about the suit, and went on with his breakfast.

But as soon as he could get away he went over to the Stone place. There he met an irate man. "What the hell do you think that stinking little detective has been doing?" Stone greeted him wrathfully. "Stealing my suits under false pretences! I'll have him up for it! The snooping little puppy! He sputtered on and on, and every word was balm to Atkins's troubled soul. He admitted now that he had been worried by that

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unexpected attention of Miller's. But it was clear that he had not been singled out as he thought. Stone has not been neglected. Later when he learned that one or two other of Saunders's friends had had the same experience, he could laugh as easily as any of them. Easier! For hadn't he planned the super-crime? Higgins-proof! Miller-proof! Even God-proof! He laughed much and loudly that day.

The funeral came off without any untoward event. Day followed day. The Saunders suicide became a thing of the past. And Fred Atkins breathed with increasing regularity.

The suits had all come back to their owners with apologies. Stone's rage had long since spent itself. Atkins had known *they* would find nothing. Still, he was relieved when it was over and forgotten. On the fourth day his confidence returned, on the fifth day he could look back on the whole affair with the satisfaction he had experienced on the fatal night itself, on the sixth day he felt a certain serenity which he had not had before, and on the eighth day he played golf and actually forgot the whole Saunders affair. That day it was as if it had never happened. He played the eighteen holes in only two more than the club record and came home hungry and contented. He took the car around back, and entered through the kitchen, stopping to chaff the cook. It was exactly like the old days, before Ralph Saunders had come to disturb his peace. He sighed with sheer joy. He had crossed his Rubicon, unafraid, and by his own coolness and cleverness he had won!

He was whistling "Ramona"—he'd seen the film with his wife on the previous night—when he walked into the library—and straight into a pair of handcuffs held by County Detective Miller.

He was confused at first, so completely had he forgotten his erstwhile brother-in-law and the part he had played in ridding the world of a blackmailer. When he heard the stentorian tones of the officer repeating the usual formula ending in "anything that you say may be used against you," he had started at the name of Ralph Saunders. He saw his wife pale and crying, his daughters horrified, shrinking from him. It was all as in a nightmare. The cold steel on his wrists was the only reality; all else was but a horrid dream. He tried to speak, but his tongue was thick and dry. He only made crude, broken sounds. It was then that his huge body gave way and he collapsed almost into the arms of Constable Higgins and County Detective Miller.

That night the County Detective told his side of the story to a group of excited listeners at his New London Club.

"When I arrived at Martin's Folly . . . that's what Saunders's house is commonly called by the natives of Moody Point . . ." he began in his suave voice, "I was quite prepared to believe that the old fellow had blown out his own brains. Higgins had telephoned me that it was suicide. The housekeeper met me at the door and confirmed it. The body had not been moved. It lay crumpled up in a chair, the right arm dangling by the side, and an automatic on the floor just where it would have slipped from the lifeless hand. Perfect . . . abso-lute-ly perfect. . . ." He paused, and a gleam shone in the keen gray eyes. A tiny smile began to play around the corners of the determined mouth. "The room was as spick and span as if it had been especially house-cleaned for the event.

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Only one shot had been fired, death had been instantaneous. Everything was in order. . . ."

"How did you come to suspect foul play?" gasped a breathless voice.

"Corpse put him wise," offered the town wit.

"I believe he did at that," assented Miller, with a supercilious grin. "I certainly can give no explanation for what followed. I was perhaps intrigued by the extraordinary orderliness of the room. The whole affair was sort of super-perfect, if you know what I mean. But even so I might have let it go. I was talking with the housekeeper, getting her to tell me all the details of her master's life, trying to nose out a reason for suicide. She got talking about his passion for chess, and then about his marvellous set of carved ivory pieces. From that, she went over to show them to me. When she opened the case I could see by her face that she was surprised. It stirred my curiosity, just enough for me to ask what caused it. And thereby hangs my whole tale. . . .

" 'Why, sir,' she said with a puzzled frown, 'when Mr. Saunders finished his problems yesterday afternoon I put these pieces up for him, and I set each one carefully in its place. It's sech a beautiful set, I always fix it nice. . . .'

" 'But mightn't he have taken them out again . . . or they have gotten shaken about in the box?' I asked her, with a smile. It hadn't turned out as interesting as I had hoped when I saw her start of surprise, but the chessmen were certainly beauties, and I was looking them over when she replied:

" 'He never does take them out after he solves the daily problems . . . not unless one of his friends comes in to play. . . .'

"Even then, I doubt if I should have taken her up on that 'not unless one of his friends comes in to play . . .' if a strange thing hadn't occurred. You see, I was desultorily examining the men, wonderful carvings they were, too!—I'd been putting each piece in its own niche . . . and when I came to the end . . . one piece was missing! The little red pawn, it was. . . ." He stopped and felt in his pocket. Then, lying in the palm of his hand, he held it out to their gaze. Like a drop of blood, it lay against the pallor of his skin.

"That's what'll hang Fred Atkins," he said quietly. "Murderers shouldn't overlook little things. . . ."

"But I don't understand . . ." one of his auditors broke the awed silence.

"Well, you see, if the red pawn was missing then . . . and old Susan was prepared to swear it had been there when she closed the box just before she left, either her surmise was correct and some 'friend' had come to call on Saunders, or else he'd broken his usual custom and tried a game by himself. In the latter event the pawn might have rolled unnoticed into a corner. I searched that room, and every room in the house. We even scoured the grounds for that little red fellow, Higgins and I. But we found nothing.

"Higgins was for giving it up, but I was interested. I found out from old Tim, Saunders's hired man, the names of the friends who came for an occasional game with the old recluse. I also found out that Tim didn't take any stock in the suicide theory. And Tim's a pretty shrewd man. Moreover, he knew his master, and he knew how much his master valued life and the good things it brings. It was he who told me of the steady increase in Saunders's fortunes, an increase which coincided with his purchase of Martin's

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Folly four years ago. That interested me, too. It looked like success in the market . . . or it might be blackmail! If blackmail was feathering Saunders's nest, it gave a motive for his extermination. I rather liked the blackmail explanation for his sudden good fortune.

"After that talk with old Tim you can believe I was eager to find the missing pawn. It looked my only chance to discover the unknown visitor . . . if there had been one on the fatal night. Higgins pooh-poohed my murder notion. He'd have none of it. Suicide it obviously was. Even the doctor agreed with him. But I'm one for long chances. I sent Higgins around to get alibis, and I set out on a little quest of my own. On the day Atkins and Stone went out on a jaunt I represented myself as a man from the dry-cleaners, and I was successful in every instance. I talked with the men's wives and collected the suits their husbands had worn on that Thursday. Higgins showed up with perfect alibis for every one of the men. Together we went through the suits. We turned out the pockets, looked at every inch under a microscope. Nary a suspicious stain . . . and, most disappointing of all, no sign of the missing pawn. I was about to admit myself beaten when I caught sight of a tiny red something—where do you suppose?" He looked around at the tense faces.

"In the cuff of Atkins's trouser!" Miller paused for effect. "As neatly as if it had been secreted there on purpose . . . lay this little pawn!" He held out his hand again.

"From there on it was as easy as falling off a log," he continued in his bland drawl. "It had been blackmail, all right! Atkins is a bigamist as well as a murderer. He has a wife living who is a sister of Saunders's. I can just see the ghoulish glee with which old Saunders fell on his prey. You could almost pity Atkins if he hadn't been so diabolically clever, if he hadn't schemed and planned the whole show so darn perfectly. . . . But it was in that gesture of utter naturalness that he'd overdone himself. He'd thrown those chessmen in carelessly to simulate old Saunders. That's why he failed to notice that a pawn was missing. . . ."

He held out his hand. The little red pawn stood poised in his palm.

"Murderers shouldn't overlook little things," County Detective Miller repeated, and smiled.

# The Footstool

By Mary Cummings Eudy

I've gone away,
You cannot find me—
I don't know where I am. . . .

I'm sitting on God's footstool—

I must have stumbled
Over it . . .
In the dark.

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# Self-Critical America

BY MARY M. COLUM

Strong on self-criticism, weak in emotion, is American literature. Viewing American critics, Mrs. Colum attacks the position of Irving Babbitt and the Humanist school.

THE man or woman who writes criticism has far less competition from the great dead and the great living than any other kind of writer. It is an unexhausted, largely undeveloped, form of literature. The great dead critics are few in number; they can, perhaps, be counted on the fingers of the hands: Aristotle, Boileau, Lessing, Herder, Taine, Sainte Beuve, Matthew Arnold. One may add a few more, but it is doubtful if the count would reach a dozen. Yet, if the critic has less competition than other writers, it must be remembered that the writing of a moderately successful piece of criticism requires more variety of literary accomplishment than any other kind of writing. It is, of course, as much creative literature as a novel, a poem, or a play; it is not its form or character which is the decisive factor in determining whether any kind of writing is creative literature or not—it is the quality of the mind behind it. Creative writing is simply writing produced by a creative mind regardless of the form the writer makes use of—in fact, nearly any fine critic can write finely in what are popularly accepted as the creative forms. Boileau, Herder, Sainte Beuve, and Matthew Arnold were poets; Lessing was a dramatist. On the other hand, many writers whose place in literature was primarily that of poets were also fine critics, and one has only to mention Sidney, Dryden, Coleridge, Poe, Goethe in this connection; whether they were poets first, or critics first, all the above-mentioned names are those of creative writers. The creative mind is very rare, and my readers must not imagine that I am describing every piece of successful criticism as creative writing any more than I should describe every successful novel as creative writing. The average novel reviewed in the literary supplements is no more a piece of creative writing than the review which describes it. Because criticism is an unexhausted form of literature is, perhaps, one of the reasons why a new country like America has taken to it eagerly, and has produced what is comparatively a new form of criticism—social criticism.

The best literary criticism is still being written by the French, but the best social criticism is undoubtedly being written by Americans. Conditions peculiar to this country have brought it forth. In its most vigorous form as practised by H. L. Mencken and by a very different sort of critic, Van Wyck Brooks, it is not only of high literary value, courageously destructive, but also of great vitality with highly constructive elements —exactly the sort of criticism that is bound to play a large part in transforming the intellectual and social life of the country. In America there is a new kind of society—a society built out of elements



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that have never previously come together in the history of the world—and a genuine literary expression of that society has to be preceded by a criticism of it. Old homogeneous countries may be able to evolve their literature from their folk-lore and their mythology, but a new country which has neither folk-lore nor mythology nor tradition, has first of all to mould its society into shape and take stock of its values before that society becomes material for literature.

It happened that fifty years ago, Lowell, knowing perhaps only subconsciously what he meant, said, "We must have a criticism before we can have a literature"; and a contemporary critic, Lewis Mumford, knowing consciously and exactly what he means, says the same thing. No doubt, what Lowell meant by criticism was purely literary criticism, for the sort of criticism that knew how to pass judgments on the social directions that eventuate in the creation of a literature was, in his day, only something that students thought about in the study. In older countries, where literature was an evolution, and where the human values that were important in art and literature were always of powerful significance in the scheme of existence, a social criticism was not the necessity that it is in this country. Any one who was familiar with the anæmia, woolliness, and narrowness of a great deal of intellectual and literary life in America fifteen years ago, will realize what criticism has done for it. No one who has made a study of American literature during that period can help being impressed by the fact that a large proportion of it belongs to the literature of criticism, and that a very large proportion of that, in turn, is the most ruthless criticism of American life and of the values current in that life.

If the power of self-criticism represents, as it is said to do, a high state of civilization in any country, America has not only a great material civilization which is granted to her everywhere, but a high intellectual civilization which many people who do not take stock of the facts would be inclined to demur at. It is hard to imagine any other country watching itself with such interest being flayed from the inside by the novels of Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser, and by the criticism of Mencken, and from the outside by visiting writers of varying degrees of superficiality, and by really profound observers like Count Keyserling and André Siegfried. In addition to this deliberate criticism, there is the indeliberate, partly unconscious, and far more devastating criticism of the caricaturists in the daily papers, which concerns itself with the narrowness, aridity, and Philistinism of the details of the life of the ordinary man—a form of criticism which has made itself part of the experience of the men and women who take the subway or the commuter's train to their work. In fact, criticism in this country has so invaded art and literature that one cannot help coming to the conclusion that this form of expression is going to reach a higher stage of development in this country than it has reached anywhere. It is mainly through its criticism that America is forcing itself on the artistic and intellectual consciousness of the world. Numberless people in the English-speaking world and beyond it know that America has mocked at her most representative citizens by calling them "The Booboisie," at the type of that citizen as "Babbitt," and at the chief street of the town where that citizen lives as "Main Street." Whatever has been overlooked by the literary men has been savagely satirized by the art of

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Briggs and the creator of Andy and Mrs. Gump. Has any country so satirized itself, so laughed at itself since Aristophanes mocked the Athenians? Whatever the natives have left out, the visiting critic has made up for. We have been made aware of the dollar-chasing mania of Americans by critics from countries with a passion for money so rapacious that no American could ever understand it. We have been made aware that America has made all spiritual values ancillary to material values. We have been harassed by accounts of the devastating effects of Puritanism and repression, more, to be sure, by native than by foreign critics, for the foreign critic at least knows that Puritanism is a natural quality of the human race, and that every country in the world has its own brand of Puritanism. But we have also been told that, in spite of all its faults, "the heart of America is in the right place."

This last sentence, thrown out with an air of condescension by foreign critics and an air of complacent self-satisfaction by native critics, is supposed to make up generously for other lacks, and to appeal to the vanity of the ordinary American. Yet all of them, native and foreign critics, if they have any knowledge of other peoples and other civilizations and other literatures, must know that this sentence is the least true of all they have written. For one of the distressful conditions about America—and whether it is to be a lasting condition or one that will pass depends on the nature of both the social and literary criticism produced in this country—is that "the heart of America" is not in the right place. America has not developed that sort of interior life which gives to the heart its powerful and proper place in life; it does not, in fact, in its scheme of existence give to the emotions the place that is due to them, so that all art in America, whether in painting, or architecture, or literature, is an intellectual art with but little emotion; an art which has sometimes a powerful strength, and in which, particularly in its literature, strong allowance is made for animal instinct and but very little allowance for those strong civilized emotions, themselves, perhaps, but an evolution from animal instincts, which have made the greatness of old-world art and literature. For the great lack in American literature is a lack of emotional power, and this lack is responsible for that too great serenity which American critics have noticed mournfully in their own literature, and for which an academic critic like George Woodberry and a vital and impassioned critic like John Macy have shown an equally deep concern. The lack of emotion is also responsible for that worship of instinct, for that too great concern with purely animal life which has given a sort of loose unbridled power to many of the novelists of the new generation. Yet different as the old New England literature may be in so many respects from the new American literature, to a close observer the outstanding characteristics common to both are very definitely marked: fine intelligence and strong instinct form the warp and woof of American literature in its most recent as in its earliest stages. Here it may be necessary to recall the ordinary dictionary definition of instinct: "An involuntary or unreasoning prompting to any action, bodily or mental."

The intelligence may be subtle and fine and the instinct purely mental, as it was with Emerson, or the intelligence may be forceful and unsubtle and the instinct overmasteringly physical, as we

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see in some contemporary American writers, but the fact remains that it is this combination of intelligence and instinct that makes the peculiar distinction of American literature, and makes it different from European literature. A large number of Emerson's Essays represent as undisciplined an indulgence in instinct as some of the books to-day banned by the Boston censor. His mental instinct simply broke loose from control, or he saw no reason for controlling it, and we have, therefore, a number of appallingly loose and incoherent essays such as the one on Spiritual Laws, or on Circles. Or turn to "The Scarlet Letter." Sex-passion as written about there and in the best of the most recent novels has this in common: it is the account of the domination of an instinct, not the domination of a powerful and lasting, and, sometimes, death-dealing emotion, as it is in Shakespeare, or Goethe, or Hardy. In Hawthorne the indulgence in the instinct is a sin to mourn for, while in the most recent American novels it is merely a physiological necessity, but in both cases it is the instinct that dominates, not the emotion of love. In Hawthorne, to be sure, we have plenty of negative emotions, such as remorse, hatred, revenge, but he saw so little strong positive emotion in the lonely, narrow world in which he lived that his own spirit, with its infinite possibilities, froze a little. He turned all the emotions he imagined, all the emotions he was capable of experiencing but which he never encountered, into a sort of frozen mould. In the meditations of Hester we do indeed see him visualizing a world of warmth where passion and emotion would be regarded as more honorable than a collection of minor and dubious theologized virtues. He wrote out of a Puritan inheritance, in a Puritan world, and in the last analysis this has to be said against all forms of Puritanism, even that highest form where it has evolved a rule of life that has discipline and nobility—it gives people a suspicion of all emotions except such as can be used to advantage in family life, and therefore makes people unfriendly to all forms of art such as cannot safely be used for the instruction of the young. Perhaps the celebrated New England sense of sin and remorse, when it was not a camouflage for some other emotion, was merely the perception of very intelligent but emotionally meagre men, that the indulgence of instinct unaccompanied by that strong emotion that lifts all experience to the realm of the spiritual, is in itself too purely an animal affair. Certainly Puritanism in its most objectionable form in every country and every religion stands for nothing more than the tortured and twisted triumph of intelligence over gross instincts in naturally sensual men who are too much concerned with salvation and self-preservation.

Though all the literature of intelligence and instinct is not Puritan, or even a reaction against Puritanism, yet the main components of Puritanism nearly always reveal themselves as intelligence and powerful instinct, an intelligence at war with instinct. Puritanism has never been able to understand either the frank acceptance of sex or the conquest of it as represented by the celibacy and chastity of religious orders.

Every living literature contains its past and can only be understood by reference to its past. All literature is attached to the literature preceding it by a series of links that cannot be broken: it is a chain to which the writers of every generation add their own link. Influences alien to the character of the litera-

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ture may be powerful enough to wear the link thin at some periods, as, for example, the influences of French drama did in German literature just before Lessing, and as the influence of the Genevan Rousseau did in French literature. And it is conceivable that a group of mystical or even romantic writers might temporarily triumph over the qualities of high intelligence and instinct that are dominant in the tradition of American literature. But the link in the traditional chain only breaks completely when the civilization from which the literature sprang has died a natural death, or has been conquered by other civilizations. There was a time when the links of the chain that bound all Greek literature to its past, instead of growing stronger by the addition of new elements, wore out and gave way to the civilization and literature that was Roman. There was a time when the links of the chain that bound all Roman literature to its past wore thinner and thinner, and finally broke to give way to the newer European literatures and civilizations.

The art of Goethe and the power he has over the German mind could never be explained unless one understood that he was the heir of all the Teutonic sagas and of all the life of the German folk-song and folk-tale. And there is in all English literature something of the Saxon Beowulf and Arthur's Round Table. If one were ignorant of these one could not explain "Tom Brown's Schooldays" any more than one could explain Shakespeare or Hardy. And how much of the Eddas lie behind the "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" of Ibsen, and how much of that inheritance is woven into his "Vikings at Helgoland," his "Master Builder," and "When We Dead Awaken." Equally, it would be impossible to explain the work of a contemporary poet, W. B. Yeats, if one did not know Irish saga and folk-lore. And outside of their imaginative inheritance, how much of the landscape, how much of the rocks and mountains, how much of the flowers and forests, how much of the configuration of the land they inhabit, is in the very language they have evolved to write in!

Goethe and Ibsen and Yeats have not only a folk-lore behind them, but a mythology—that glorious possession of some fortunate people which stamps itself so subtly on every form of art they produce. But the common characteristics of a literature can exist without the binding tie of either a folk-literature or a mythology. From the time the personality of any people becomes so conscious that it begins to show itself in its art the traits evolve which are handed on through the whole chain of its literature, taking on new, strong elements with every development, but in nearly every case deepening the original tracks along which the pioneer efforts at self-expression marked their way.

The question of what constitutes a distinct national literature is decided according as one lays stress on the language in which a literature is written or on the contents of that literature. For those who are convinced that language is the deciding test, then all that America can ever produce belongs to English literature, but for those who believe, as I do, that it is the content and character of a literature that decide its nationality, then there is a distinct American literature in the English language as there is a distinct Irish literature, and this distinct American literature began with the great New England school. Its path was first staked out by Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau; then by Poe and Whitman, and from the West by Mark

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Twain, who added to its estate the width and gorgeousness of his humor. From the very first it was a literature of high intelligence, produced by men of remarkable mentality, meagre emotions and strong instincts.

In Poe, indeed, the high American intelligence reached a sort of dazzling clarity which has never ceased to astonish Europe: in France, where high intelligence in literature always draws the greatest homage, his influence has been most productive; Taine, equally with Baudelaire, was caught in his glamorous net. For the rest, the combination of lyricism with a clear ratiocinative mind, has made him beloved of those critics for whom the chief labels in criticism are classical and romantic. Poe, with a little ingenuity, can be claimed for classicism or romanticism, two labels the dropping of which by common agreement for a generation would prove immensely valuable to thought and criticism. Before the advent of the newer European literature, when all literature was produced by the Teutonic group on the one hand and by the Latin group on the other, the words *romantic* and *classical* might roughly be used to describe one or the other of these divisions, but the application of them to the products of the Slav mind, the Jewish mind, the Irish mind, or the American mind, does little except becloud thought and mechanize literary judgments.

There has been a determined attempt in recent years, particularly in America, to work up the ancient controversy between the classicist and the romanticist.

In the interests of literary thinking and a criticism that will meet the new moment, I would like to propose the wholesale transfer to the archives of pedagogy of these older labels and catchwords and such mystifying phraseology as Matthew Arnold's "He saw life steadily and he saw it whole"—phraseology as infatuating for its meaninglessness as for any meaning that can be extracted from it. A worn-out terminology either conveys nothing whatever to the reader or conveys a different meaning to each reader, and this is precisely the state at which the labels *classic* and *romantic* have arrived. It is indeed a poor reflection on the resources of criticism that all that critics seem able to do when the inevitable reaction against one literary period sets in, is to make the newer literary manifestations somehow fit into the older and mouldering pigeon-holes. Part of this is due to the union that has always existed between literary criticism and pedagogy—a union sometimes highly unfortunate for literature. It is not always easy to realize that the sort of terminology useful in the instruction of the young in literature is not of the same value in original criticism. I strongly suspect that the present controversy over Romanticism and Classicism has little to do with either, but is merely a war between those critics who regard literary criticism as a branch of literature and those who regard it as a branch of pedagogy. At all events, the application of the terms *Classicism* and *Romanticism* willy-nilly to American literature will clarify nothing, for the conditions of culture and civilization which produced these terms have no parallel in America. The state of culture, the form of thought, the tradition that produces any sort of classicism, whether the classicism of the ancient Greeks, or the classicism of the French or the Italians, has not existed to any extent in America. Equally the state of culture which produces pure Romanticism, or a great ro-

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mantic literature like the English, has not existed in America. There have existed in this country some one or two romantic writers, but for myself I cannot see that there has ever existed in America either romantic life, romantic love, or romantic literature. Pioneering, hewing one's way through virgin forests, building railways over incredible mountains and deserts, struggling with Indians—all these in themselves may in theory be romantic ideas, but the life that grew out of them was not romantic; on the contrary, it dried up all romance. Romanticism is so greatly lacking in American life that it is in search of it that young Americans, dreaming of the arts, dreaming of the great life, dreaming of wonders, crowd the boats to Europe every year. Romantic love is a conception so alien to American life that in American literature before our own times there existed not a single romantic love-poem, and in a recent American anthology, that by Conrad Aiken, the larger portion of which is taken up by the work of contemporary poets, there is not a single genuine love-poem. For love-poetry is written, not out of satisfied or unsatisfied instincts, but out of that quality in which American literature is lacking—strong emotion. Love as understood in this country has either been serene domestic affection or simple sex-satisfaction. And the concern with instinct in which American literature is so strong is a quality so powerful in American life that it strongly colors all forms of thought, whether artistic, or political, or philosophical. This concern makes explicable why in all movements for the liberation or easy satisfaction of instinct America is in an advanced position, whereas she is notoriously conservative politically and intellectually. She, perhaps more than any other country, has accepted the gospel that the satisfaction of instinct, particularly of sexual instinct, is a recipe for happiness.

This state of affairs, to those who do not understand what an abiding element instinct is in Puritanism, gives the illusion that Puritanism is vanishing from American life. But when we have divided Puritanism into its component parts, reason, intelligence, and instinct, we know that it is still strongly intrenched. Even in its old New England form of reason and intelligence at war with instinct it is still in a powerfully influential position. It has even taken refuge in a sort of philosophic system which its inventors and disciples call Humanism, and which is really nothing more than the old American intellectual Puritanical conception of life, liberalized and loosened, cleared free of Transcendentalism, to some extent cleared free of Christianity, and applied to education, literature, philosophy and the conduct of life.

The criticism that has been levelled at Humanism in this country and at its chief exponents seems to be devastating, but it has been a purely literary criticism, directed against their literary criticism which is the really weak and foolish part of their system, though its sheer dangerousness is only appreciated by those who have carefully examined its æsthetic.

The philosophy of Humanism as expounded by Irving Babbitt has in it some of the best elements of the old Puritan American mentality, and this is what gives the ideas of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmore More their vitality and influence. They are indigenous to the American soil; these men are the heirs of intellectual Puritanism made very scholarly and given a tinge of interna-

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tionalism; their power and influence lie, not in their originality, but in their capacity for printing on everything they touch the stamp of the highest Puritan intellectual inheritance.

This is true in particular of Professor Babbitt's powerful analytical mind. All the component parts of Puritanism—reason, intelligence, and instinct—he thoroughly understands and overestimates: they all three stand to him for a good deal more than they have ever stood before for any other philosopher or critic. Instinct, for him, is always in a position of terrific power; he hunts for it everywhere, and hounds it down wherever he can find it. For him Rousseau is a vast and powerful figure, who, with his "back to Nature" philosophy, has, ever since he appeared, been the ruin of mankind. For him Bergson, with his philosophy of instinct and intuition, is working untold ravages on those who come under his influence. The philosophy of these men is at the opposite pole from that decorum and ethical imagination which, to Professor Babbitt, are the hall-marks of high literature and high thought, which for him are classical literature and classical thought. Generally speaking, he equates Romanticism and instinct—two qualities which actually are at enmity with each other. For Romanticism presupposes a high state of emotional development, and the instinctive man is infantile in his emotions.

Professor Babbitt has only a glimmer of comprehension of the rôle of imagination and emotion, two out of the four great qualities that make literature. When either of the two occurs in a high degree in a piece of literature, Professor Babbitt dismisses it, as he dismisses nearly all of Keats, as being "merely recreative." He is perpetually confusing the aim of literature and the aim of philosophy, and when he tries to draw from the literatures of East and West some philosophy that can be a guide to life, he thinks of literature, not primarily as literature, but as an account of the ethical experience of man from which some code of wisdom can be extracted: for him literature is but the hand-maiden of ethics and philosophy. This makes him a dangerous and arid influence for those who take him seriously on the plane of æsthetics. It is perfectly fair on the plane of philosophy to make art or literature, or anything else one chooses, a hand-maiden or a subordinate, but it is absolutely necessary on that account to make no confusion between philosophy and literature. On the plane of literature and literary criticism, philosophy is but a hand-maiden. The aim and end of literature is a revelation of life; the aim and end of philosophy is an explanation of life. In the process of revealing life all such concerns as ethics, moralizings, systems of conduct, propaganda, are entirely of secondary importance.

For whence does literature come? Not from Professor Babbitt's "inner check," but from the inner surrender. It comes from those people who have at the same time the profoundest human experience and the psychic energy to express it: this makes them the witness-bearers for humanity and for all those things which humanity has experienced. A piece of writing might have all the ethical imagination and decorum which Mr. Babbitt considers the hall-mark of literature and still be not literature at all, though it might very well be philosophy. To confuse the ends of artistic expression and the ends of philosophical speculation, or ethical aspiration, is a very serious matter for literary criticism. A philosopher's main interest may be in literature, as Professor Babbitt's is, but

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that does not make him a literary critic. On the contrary, Professor Babbitt and his disciples, by introducing into literary criticism the terminology of philosophy and a whole mountain of alien terms like "positivism," "dualism," "the one and the many," recall to us Dostoievsky's harassed question about certain critics of his day, "Why this eternal jargon, and why do simple-minded men who can only see to the end of their noses so deepen and darken counsel that no one can make out what they are driving at?" Let us respect Irving Babbitt's product for what it is but let us not delude ourselves with the idea that he is a literary critic. In so far as he has been accepted as one, he has introduced into American criticism an acrimonious confusion from which it will take years to extricate it. His mind, so powerful and vigorous in the domain of pure ideas, flounders around in a fog when it has to cope with any literature for which pure intelligence cannot supply a measuring-rod, or where he cannot launch his thunderbolts against instinct.

The years have worn thinner the thin thread of æsthetic sensibility which he had in earlier life, and we find Professor Babbitt writing in his "Rousseau and Romanticism" a judgment on Keats which in pure confused Philistinism could hardly be beaten by his namesake, Mr. Babbitt of Main Street, Zenith. "He (Keats) has written other lines," says Professor Babbitt, "which without being wise seem to lay claim to wisdom, notably the lines in which, following Shaftsbury and other æsthetes, he identifies truth and beauty; an identification that was disproved for practical purposes at least as far back as the Trojan War. Helen was beautiful, but was neither good nor true." It is characteristic of Professor Babbitt that beauty to him is the beauty of woman, and characteristic, in turn, that goodness and truth in women is limited to the business of domestic relations. Again, when off guard, the extraordinary sway instinct has over his own mind betrays itself; he does not really believe that literary appreciation is not an affair of instinctive preference, or that it can be purely objective, purely without partisanship. He says, "If, for example, W. B. Yeats waxes enthusiastic over Tagore, we may be sure that there is in the work of Tagore something akin to æsthetic romanticism." But why on earth should there be? Is it because at bottom Mr. Babbitt cannot conceive of a mind not entirely ruled by instinct? And because W. B. Yeats "waxes enthusiastic" about Sophocles, and makes a new translation of him into English, is there also something in Sophocles akin to "æsthetic romanticism"? In addition to having some of the worst faults of the old pedantic schools of criticism, like that of Gottsched and Chapelain, in addition to having an æsthetic callousness, Professor Babbitt has a fault as a critic which has never appeared in criticism before—he is a dangerous instinctivist.

From certain remarks in these pages some of my readers may have drawn the conclusion that I am discounting the philosophic mind in literature. No: all great writers have the philosophic mind, and all great writing has behind it a warp and woof of philosophy. But when the urge to explain life and the ends of life is greater than the urge to reveal it, the writer is not engaged in the production of literature—he is engaged in something else, either philosophy, or theology, or science. For literature in itself is simply concerned with the revelation of life—that is, it is the history of life and of human relations. And if the writer, in addition to being an historian

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of life, is a theologian, or a philosopher, or a scientist, these concerns are all secondary.

Taking artists to task for not being something that it was never their business to be has always been the occupation of somebody, everywhere, since art and literature began, and attacking them for their light-mindedness is at least as old as Plato. Seeing into life profoundly enough and sympathetically enough to be able to make literature is far more likely to incapacitate a writer for explaining life or "the ends of life" than to add to his capacity for explaining them. What Unamuno calls "the tragic sense of life" is more likely to be the quality common to all great writers than "decorum" and "ethical imagination." And to that "tragic sense of life" is also bound some sense of the futility of life: indeed, in certain great writers, the sense of the futility of life, and of the lack of any "ends of life," has frequently been too overpowering to be bolstered into optimism by any system of ethics.

Dwelling on the "ethical content" of Greek literature has been the great concern of all classicists and of all writers on classical literature. It is no surprise, therefore, to find the humanists—who tell us that their æsthetic is the æsthetic of classicism—insisting on "ethical imagination and decorum" as the chief qualities in great literature and in great writers. On these principles Shakespeare and Goethe are pronounced inferior to the Greeks. But the concern with ethics among the Greeks was part of the material and not part of the mind of the writer. In a previous essay* I have explained that literature is produced by the action of significant mind on significant material. Now the Greek concern with ethics was part of the material out of which they made literature and was not a necessary quality of their genius. A concern with ethics is, of course, one of the great concerns of the human race, and it was a greater concern with the Greek writers than it was with Shakespeare, because the Greeks lived in a civilization where ethics and religion were divorced from each other, while Shakespeare lived in a civilization in which ethics and religion were joined. Ethics, in fact, in Shakespeare's day and Goethe's day were professionally looked after by the Christian religion. Ethics was not the business of either the gods or the religion of Greece, and so it became the business of the writers and philosophers. But that "ethical imagination," or a concern with ethics, is necessarily a part of the outfit of a great writer can—and can too easily—be disproved by a consideration of the work and mind of perhaps the larger proportion of the great writers of the world.

*See "A Critical Credo," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, April, 1926.

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# Why Live in the City?

BY WILL ROSE
Author of "The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party," etc.

For satisfaction in living, a former advertising and promotion man compares his present position as newspaper editor, bank director, and citizen of Cambridge Springs, Pa. (population 2,000), to his experience with big corporations in the cities.

NOBODY loves a growler. But occasionally a growl is part of the Great Melody. Even the villain sings and sometimes satisfies. With this promise, may I tell the world how a cogwheel in a corporation can be transformed into a small-town business man with income and leisure?

We were a small group standing in the quadrangle of the university following Senior Singing on the steps of Goldwin Smith Hall. My wife was meeting a chum of her girlhood, and I was renewing an acquaintance with this chum's husband, my classmate in 1911, whose report included the information pertinent to the purposes of this accurate article, that he had gone to work for a giant corporation in Philadelphia when we left the university fifteen years before, and was still there and, presumably, at work. Meanwhile his eyes were inventorying us, a perfectly human thing to do. Then he remarked: "So you are a country editor, Bill, a small-town man. Yet your family doesn't look it."

Ah ha! I thought, here is another of these young Americans who flirts with the idea of leaving the city treadmill flat, who hesitates because he has no reliable information concerning modern small towns, and the type of man who thrives therein. He is beginning to suspect that the United States Steel Corporation was created by one man when it was created, largely because the world had arrived at the one stage in its development when such a corporation could be formed, and that the man who made it had something besides residence in a big city. He has discovered that every big-city business has more bright men, young and old, in it than the few who stand at its head and get quoted in *The Wall Street Guesser* and *The American Hero Magazine*. And he has noted an inconsistency in the two quotations. In *The Wall Street Guesser* our dominant business man explains that the dividend was passed because of conditions over which he has no control; but *The American Hero Magazine* prints his portrait over his slogan, which is: "Hard work and long hours will get you to the top, providing you have an invalid mother and thirteen worthless brothers to help you along."

After my aforesaid classmate tested the fabric of my soul, very much as the old-time merchant frankly rubbed the coat of his friend between thumb and forefinger, I determined to tell my story publicly in the hope that it will never again be asked for privately, and that it may help the millions of city goofs who are bewildered by the complexities of existence and opportunities à la American.

I was formerly the goofiest of these goofs, one of the legion in the city treadmill. Mine was one of the nickels that



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paid dividends on a billion dollars' worth of jammed cars and subways, except on those days when my small-town uncle came to the city and treated me to a ride in his taxicab. One day we passed the greatest public library in America. "Some time I am going in there," I said. "I was in last night," he commented. "I was interested in the Nobel Prize winner." We passed the Metropolitan, and I suggested that I had read that some of the new artists were great. "I heard Galli-Curci when I was in town last month," he said. "I am no critic, but I know what I like, and except for the sentiment of the thing, she sounds as good as some of the old-timers. By the way," he continued, as we paused in the traffic in front of a Forty-second Street theatre, "if you haven't seen the Follies, I'd like to take you and the girl tonight." We hadn't. But I did not see much of the show because I was thinking too fast and too hard.

My uncle always stopped at one of the large hotels because he knew the manager. He did not love this manager more than he did us, but he liked his beds better than the davenport which we could provide for him in our combination living and dining room. Thus, we occasionally ate at and enjoyed the big New York hotel. Before we left him one night, I had one of my rare flashes of human intelligence, and remarked that a man's measure is determined by the capacity of his brain in analyzing and meeting conditions.

"What the hell did you think it was?" he queried.

"A pauper can analyze," I said. "But capital is needed to meet conditions."

"Borrow it," he suggested. "There are just two classes of business men in America. One is the fellow who can see a business that doesn't exist; the other is the fellow whom he shows how to build it. The first fellow borrows money at 6 per cent, uses it and makes it earn more. He gets the difference. That's all there is to it, except that New York City lends money easily only in million-dollar lots, and the small town lends only thousands or hundreds."

Then I said: "That's a good theory. But how does a man put it into practice?"

"My advice to any man," he continued, "is to start. He must find out what type of man he is. Some never start because they think the step is irrevocable, and they hate to make a mistake of their entire lives. They do not know that such a thing is impossible. The test is brief; the demands of business administration attend to that. Bradstreet's reports several hundred business failures every week. If you are not the type to run your own business, to be your own boss, if you cannot make a success of directing others rather than doing all the work yourself, that fact will be impressed on you reasonably soon, and you will be forced back into the other class where you belong.

"Meanwhile, if the prospect is not attractive on that basis, you are one of the other class, anyway, and would better remain in the big organization, which is a haven if you are sound. But whether you ever get to the top will depend absolutely on luck, on developments growing out of conditions over which you have no control."

I have applied my uncle's summary countless times to a business experience touching Chicago, New York City, Erie, Washington, D. C., and Cambridge Springs, Pa. (2,000 inhabitants), and have been astounded by the number of instances, under widely varying conditions, in which it has proven itself

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sound. Not all of these instances can be set down here. Let's sketch some of the major ones. I am including my own foolishness as well as that of others.

It is my unpleasant duty to refer, at this point, to the frank estimate of the man as I find it in the annual of my university class. You have read these things. One does not write his own, must be handled by his friends, with charity presumably. This is what they printed about me: "Bill has a great desire to succeed and speculates upon what makes success. He is self-reliant with a touch of sympathy for his fellow man. He has an appreciation of responsibility which is accentuated by his good fellowship and vivacity when he is free from responsibility." At the time I did not like this estimate; especially did I resent the mere "touch of sympathy for his fellow man." Perhaps my friends could have used the word "impatience" more accurately. Yet subsequent perspective developed by experience shows me that the brief paragraph was close to truth in describing the undergraduate who expected the business world to place him quickly in the dominant position which, in his opinion, he so richly deserved.

My view-point included only the centres of biggest business. Big men did things in a big way, and so during the spring vacation of my graduation year, I took a swing around the circle, to Chicago, to New York, and back again, following up five different openings which I had developed by earlier correspondence. One of these was a junior clerkship in a large advertising agency in Chicago, at fifty dollars per month, and another was a sales position in a text-book publishing house in New York, which had held out an offer of exactly three times that amount.

The agency looked good; I liked it and admired the executives in the various departments, but I felt I must investigate the larger salary in New York. Then came the first violent awakening to the difference between practice and theory. The college had not taught me to be sharp. I had been led to believe that reactions in the business world are as definite as those in chemistry. I was an unsophisticated purist. So I talked like one, directly to the point and frankly. The consequence was that the manager of the text-book house refused to remember his attractive bid, and merely matched the offer of the advertising agency. My refusal, however, was at least one definite reaction in the science of business.

Immediately after graduation, I became a junior clerk in the order department of the intensely interesting advertising agency in Chicago. This department included about a dozen units, each unit handling all the details between a definite number of large advertising accounts and the magazines and newspapers of the nation. In each department were a supervisor, one senior clerk and two junior clerks. Accurate reporting obliges me to say that my interest and application in this work quickly marked me for advancement. My brother junior clerk was a high-school graduate whose I. Q., had intellectual boundaries been rated at that time, could not have been of the highest. My senior clerk was the type who whistled "O, You Beautiful Doll" in the office almost as soon as Nat D. Ayer composed it. My supervisor was a clever drunkard, supposedly reformed. Soon, the department manager had a telephone placed on my desk, and authorized me to call the stenographic department for dictation. Then the senior clerk was fired, but I did not get his desk because the office

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felt it belonged to a junior clerk in another unit who had done good work and was my senior in service. That was all right; it was just. Admittedly, however, this senior clerk was not the type to make a successful supervisor. And so when my supervisor preferred a spree to the office one afternoon, and paid the price, I applied for his job. I was held back again. "You can handle the work," explained the department manager, "but you are not seasoned. I am too much interested in you to wreck you with too rapid advancement." Perhaps that was not as good as it sounded, but what could a fellow do? I did the obvious thing and went back to my desk to double my effort.

The so-called "plan" department was the objective of every inside man. In plain English, this was the sales department, the members of which brought in the appropriations of advertisers to be planned and handled by the agency. A million-dollar account meant an income of five to ten thousand dollars. Some of the plan men, by developing connections over a period of years, and with this most modern agency behind them, were bringing in from five to ten millions of appropriations annually. It happened that a cough-drop manufacturer near my home town had built up a slow distribution over a considerable area, but had never employed national advertising. Accordingly I developed an invitation to an interview with the management, and applied for permission to make the trip. But such an idea seemed preposterous to my superiors. Whereas I would have given the interview intense concentration and sympathetic treatment, a busy plan man was loaded up with the assignment and pressed out of his way to make a superficial call. The net result was not thrilling. My idea had been proved to be a dud. My prospects suffered. Yet, two years later this cough-drop company came into the field with its first appropriation, which rapidly grew into big figures, much to the delight of another agency.

In spite of the human error in big business, I think I might have continued my personal campaign of pressure toward advancement against obstacles over which I had no control, except for a development the significance of which I could not overlook. The department manager, whom I loved like a big brother in spite of his rather oversolicitous interest in me, became prematurely warped over Florida land sales, and left. He had been an executive of about three-thousand-six-hundred-dollar size in those times (1911). He secured his successor, however, a younger man, for one thousand eight hundred dollars. He told me, confidentially, that this man had been in the advertising business in Chicago for seven years.

With a number of seasoned men in the department, myself not included as such, of course, the new manager was brought in from the outside. So does familiarity breed contempt in the big organization, as a rule. After seven years' experience this young man was made the head of sixty to seventy people, and could be interested for one thousand eight hundred dollars per year. Meanwhile, I had promised to return to and marry a trusting girl within two years from graduation, so trusting that, in addition, she preferred a solitaire earned by the sweat of my brow to one purchased by my willing father. Such are the odds assumed by a few rare girls. I was still earning fifty dollars per month. And so, four months after joining the agency, I jumped to New York City as salesman in the advertising department

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of a magazine at one thousand dollars per year.

Big business would have the employee assume all responsibility and cost in developing raw material into an organization. My contention is that the only responsibility of the beginner is to prove his potential size and consistency, both of which are understood to include personal habits and code. The claim of the dominant executive when on parade, that he owes his success entirely to hard work and a doglike fidelity, is a lazy gesture. It is propaganda.

I never have regretted leaving the Chicago agency. Here, for instance, is the case of a brother clerk who advised me not to leave. He had also been a brother graduate, the son of a rich man, and had met my department manager through my friendship. When asked whether he was interested primarily in income or opportunity, he had answered "opportunity," à la text-book. Whereupon he had been started at thirty-five dollars per month. Several years later in distant fields, I received a letter from him. "I am leaving the agency," he wrote. "The Big Boss was shocked when I told him, and offered to put me into the Plan department immediately if I would stay. But I told him that his well-advertised initiative was belated in my case. I have two high-sounding titles, but my pay check is less than my chauffeur's."

My switch to the New York magazine, however, was an error in personal judgment, due directly to deficiency in experience. I had not realized that there is much small business in big fields, and that the man who intends to campaign for the big place in the big city would better wipe all small organizations off his list, unless he can be an owner. This magazine was a beautiful product, and much glory must go to the men who made it and fought for it during the few years of its existence. But it was a class publication, the second in a field wherein nearly all national advertisers could afford only one publication. Meanwhile, it was obliged to reproduce rare rugs and glorious gardens in expensive three-color work, and its competitor was solidly intrenched by many years of priority of place, and exceptionally well managed by a corporation strong financially. It was no place for a poor man, although the rewards of some of our well-won battles were delicious. But I recognized that I could not solve my personal problems there, and when opportunity presented itself, after about a year, I became the advertising manager of the second newspaper in the evening field in Erie, at a salary of thirty dollars per week.

Without realizing it, I was soon being captivated by the larger income and the fuller life of small business in smaller cities. Not yet, however, had I abandoned the dream of dominant place held by the college graduate of less than two years previous. It was this, rather than the fact that a watch-dog type of general manager was trying to do the work of a builder and promoter on the Erie newspaper, which led me to accept the position of promotion manager at forty dollars per week on a newspaper in Washington, D. C., when it was offered to me about two years later.

Here again, however, was the watch-dog manager praying for the results of promotion work and unwilling to run the risks of securing them. "Promotion" on a newspaper is a technical term. The promotion manager concerns himself almost exclusively with national advertising. His job is to make intelligent and thorough surveys of his field, and to plan campaigns aimed at securing dis-

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tribution and sales through retail co-operation. I broke promptly with this newspaper when I was refused permission to spend a single dollar in advertising and travelling, and jumped over to the second newspaper in the evening field in Washington, where an intelligent advertising manager controlled his department and co-operated with me to make a big success of the venture.

This newspaper was, at that time, operated by a large corporation interested in many fields and holding out, it seemed, unlimited opportunities to aggressive young men. At last, I thought, I had struck my stride. I was only twenty-five years old and already beyond the two-thousand-five-hundred-dollar class, a very definite plane difficult to break through before the war. With the volume of national advertising greatly increased and swinging fine, I was given the authority of assistant advertising manager and the more difficult assignments. One of these was the task of reviving the automobile department, where success was immediate and I had the first thrill of seeing my writing published under a by-line. Then the Chicago manager of this great corporation was pushed up, and I heard rumors of decisions in the New York office to put me in his place. All of which is reported to emphasize the possibilities of the average bright young man under that rare business character, the intelligent and impersonal superior.

One morning, however, the general manager interviewed me with the news that the circulation manager had gone to the hospital, tricked by fate. Would I take the position? Still seeking that broad experience in all departments necessary to the dominant executive, I accepted. Hearing of the change, the advertising manager with whom I had enjoyed such fine success, sought me out. "Don't do it," he said. "The G. M. is a dumb-bell. This is the third big newspaper the central office has given him. One was sold out from under him because he couldn't bring it through. Another was closed up a complete loss. Things are better here because I haven't listened to him, and he might as well not be around. You don't operate with brute force enough to combat his meddling. He's a prize simp, and he'll trip you just by trying to help you."

But the paper was strictly a street-sale proposition with circulation dependent entirely on the morale and efficiency of the sixty-three people in the department. The previous circulation manager had been a product trained up from the streets of Chicago, ferocious and domineering, constantly harassed by newsboy strikes. I was already planning department meetings, intelligent bonuses, and newsboy welfare. That afternoon I may have faced a crisis in my big-town career, but if so, and if I decided wrongly, I accept all responsibility. The general manager told me that a late mail had brought correspondence from the central office, asking his opinion of my appointment to the Chicago management. He would gladly recommend me without reservation, he said, if I so desired. I told him that I appreciated his confidence, and that I would leave the matter in his hands. I never heard anything more about it. But on the basis of conditions that afternoon, I do not think I decided unwisely.

Next day the general manager left town on a two weeks' vacation. Possibly it is significant that he did not question me about my circulation plans, nor leave any suggestions; a man cannot question nor suggest if he is not enough of an executive to possess ideas by experience or

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observation. It is also significant that my only correspondence with him during his absence concerned the wrong spelling of his hotel on our mailing lists, and his suggestion that I must check up the accuracy of the department; that, and sending him several extra copies of an edition in which his latest poem had been published by an indulgent editor. Meanwhile, we were sending some immediate and interesting results of our new methods to the central office. Overnight we had made a daily gain of 7 per cent, and were holding it. This was summer in a semisouthern city. Nobody had been murdered, no babies stolen for a week. The city was out of town or sleeping off the heat.

Then the general manager returned. First he read the praise from the central office, and then he totalled up the few dollars I had paid in bonuses, and added to it a raise from nine to twelve dollars per week for the department clerk and stenographer, a hard-working girl who knew every detail and had not been increased since she came to work, three years before. A sensible executive would have been content with the figure and taken an extra hour for lunch. But he meddled and then went for a ride on one of the circulation trucks with the city circulator, another Chicago product, already jealous, who was sojourning with us until the police permitted him to return to his old home town. We parted company. The circulation slumped. A short time later the paper was sold and our meddling manager was shifted to a soft berth in the corporation, where he doesn't cost more than his salary so long as he contents himself with trade-paper interviews on how to run a newspaper.

As for me, I was invited to the inner sanctum of the great and wealthy head of the corporation in New York City where we visited for an hour, and I listened to an exposition of the danger of breaking bright young men with too rapid advancement. I was too disgusted to care about telling him the truth. When we parted he suggested that I be of good cheer and await word from him. That was ten years ago, and he has since passed to his reward. Meanwhile, however, spiritualism is winning serious recognition. I may have misunderstood him.

Meanwhile also, although patience is a virtue, a young man's first duty is to himself and his own rather than to big corporations. That, I believe, is good scripture even though it is not generally recognized in big business. Nor does the world accept alibis in lieu of debts, spiritual and material. It was more than ever up to me to make good.

Now it was that for the first time since leaving cloistral halls, the academic side of my mind was given a hearing. I could not resign myself to sweeping the sidewalk of small business in a small town as such, but suppose a small-town business could be made a laboratory experiment? If a man began with a peanut-stand, could he build it into a business? Would a country newspaper yield to the same principles of organization and management that are profitably employed in big business? All things are comparative. After all, a broad and wholesome life, with time for the enjoyment of the arts and humanities should be the goal of every man. Wherein is he a hero who grinds himself to pieces with an excess of business, though he leave forty millions? There is no law compelling a college graduate to work out his salvation in the big city, except the law of vanity. I discarded the desire to impress others; I chucked the false gods of the schoolboy.

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My record being unconvincing, my father indorsed my note for three thousand five hundred dollars much in the spirit, I think, of an honest man who does not welch at accepting full responsibility for the liabilities he has created, and we travelled to a distant small town to purchase a run-down country newspaper. He was true blue, however, recognized the problem as being spiritual rather than material, and talked about reassuring features of the location such as the size of the bank resources, the rapidly developing dairying community, and the probable demand for a good newspaper if one were offered there. He disclosed his fears only once, when he treated to after-dinner cigars at a hotel en route, and I selected one to enjoy. "College life—fraternity house—things like that have developed your tastes along expensive lines," he said quietly. "Your cigars alone will cost you a hundred dollars a year, even if you don't give any away." I saw that he did not grasp my plan and passed up discussion. I battled down the moment's panic. I was out to prove that thrift, based on shabbiness and a careless toilet, are no more necessary in the small town than in the city, nor more business-wise; and I believed that a courageous spirit could be master of the undeniable psychic effect of association.

And so I started in. For the first time in my business experience I was the dominant executive and administrator, the source of all planning and the court of last resort. Now I created conditions. Now I could discard all diplomacy in handling my superiors, a problem which consumes at least half of the energy of the cog in the corporation. For I had no superiors other than public psychology and the law of demand and supply.

Selling, or the lack of it, is the one glaring deficient in small-town business management. The merchant dusts stock and unpacks boxes; if there is any time left over, he hastily scribbles an advertisement. Too often, the banker works long hours figuring interest on deposits already in hand, instead of those cached in stout old stockings and unused chimneys, or mailed to the larger banks in cities. My paper had been conducted from the back shop in such spare moments as the printer-owner could steal from his paper and ink. I hired another printer, put my best hours into selling, did the books and reporting at night. Meanwhile I bought a typesetting machine, then another, going into more debt for both.

There were problems, but they were anticipated and conquered by a well-defined policy. One instance was a strike by the merchants against a justified increase in rates. But they needed me as much as I need them, and quickly taught themselves a lasting lesson. None of the problems were as dissipating to my moral fibre, nor as serious as those I had encountered in Big Business. Where there is a fight and victory there is fun.

When the book-work and office detail became sufficiently heavy to cut down my selling time, I added a combination office woman and stenographer to the organization. When reporting interfered with my real work, I took on a news-writer. When the demands of management increased, I hired a salesman; and finally I engaged a manager so that I could give my attention to buying out my competition and consolidating the two businesses.

The result was logical. With the complete organization insuring the constant momentum of the business, net profits were the best in the history of the venture.

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Then came a development I had not anticipated. I was invited into banking, manufacturing, and other business and civic projects, where I give and receive counsel and enjoy profit and loss. Others have tried to buy my business, but I cannot afford to sell, because the amount offered, if hired out to Big Business, will not earn more than a quarter of what it is making in my own hands—an eloquent commentary; having demonstrated my executive and administrative ability as I might never have had an opportunity to do in the large centre, Big Business has called to me several times, but never with work the characteristics of which I can enjoy. Even so, I might be tempted were it not that I believe I have solved not merely existence, but life. For here I am free and there I might be in chains. Did you see "You and I" on the New York stage a year or two ago? Then you understand. Here I am permitted to live without paying undue attention to the number of lights we burn, or the cost of education for the children while indulging the craving for art in every man's soul.

# When He Came In

By Katharine Day Little

When he came in, that night, his face spelled peace;
Not happy, but with hints of happiness
That played across the deeper tragedy;
For they, the father, mother of his friend—
That other boy, who yesterday raced by
So casual and so laughing-eyed—"Why they,
They want me to come out on Sunday, just
The same"—he faltered, but his voice went proud
Again—"They'd like to have me come, the same
As if"—We knew how much it meant, we knew,
I thought we all must know, when hushed we sat,
A moment speechless—fingers marked a place
In evening books, a needle stabbed the air
Instead of cloth. And then there came a voice
Alas, quite kind, and cruel as a knife:
One voice that should have known, that should have known—
"I don't believe they want you. I should think
They couldn't, now"—indifferently fell
The words that put the sober light right out
In young, brown eyes, so proud to be of help,
That wounded in the quivering boy's soul
Something that had assuaged the earlier wound
Made by his playmate's going. Stiffly, he stood
A moment motionless. A murmur hung
Behind him, as the heavy steps trudged up
Dark stairs—"They said they'd like to have me come."

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# The Pair of Pants

BY ROBERT NATHAN

Mr. Rosenbaum stepped back and gazed at the pants. He put his head to one side; and a far-away look came into his eyes; he folded his hands. His manner was hopeful, but anxious; it was humble, but firm.

"These pants," said Mr. Lafferty, standing before him, "hang like nothing human. Look." And he pointed with scorn to his knees.

"Ah," said Mr. Rosenbaum, "the pants. Yes, I see. The pants, y'understand . . . they're not . . ."

"No," said Mr. Lafferty, "they're not."

"All right," said Mr. Rosenbaum, rousing himself, "I'll fix it. The pants, y'understand . . . a tailor could make a pair of pants wouldn't exactly suit a lot of people . . . I know what to do . . ."

"I don't think you know what to do at all," said Mr. Lafferty bitterly. "Look—pay some attention. Don't stand there with your hands folded. If you let it out here . . ."

"I know," murmured Mr. Rosenbaum, "I know. That's my business. You couldn't always suit everybody with a pair of pants. I know what you want."

"But you don't pay any attention," shouted Mr. Lafferty. "You always say 'All right, I know,' and then you do it wrong. Why don't you take some measurements, and use pins and things?"

"Now I understand," said Mr. Rosenbaum. "Leave it to me."

And he took the pants, and went back to the shop.

There sat Mrs. Rosenbaum, large and placid. "So," she murmured, when he came in, "the pants. Mr. Lafferty sends them back again? Well . . ."

"Never mind, mama," said Mr. Rosenbaum. "This time I know what to do. For me, they fit. But he likes it he should be satisfied. All right—I let them out."

Mrs. Rosenbaum shook her head. "One day you let them out," she said, "what happens? He comes into the store like a roaring bull. The next day you take them in; so in he comes crying and groaning. What is that for a way to make a living, Herman?"

"A living?" said Mr. Rosenbaum sadly. "It's nothing for a way to make a living, mama. But I know; this time I make it exactle as he wants."

"God hope," said Mrs. Rosenbaum.

Mr. Rosenbaum retired to the rear of the shop, and took up his shears. Snip, snip. He was sure; he felt that it would be all right. Life was hard; but he could manage. Work was exacting; but he could put it together. As always, his hopes outweighed his doubts. He knew what people wanted; and he could do it for them. Pins, measures—what was all that? Nothing. A look—that was enough. A look; and some faith.

Snip, snip! Mr. Lafferty wanted his pants loose. All right; just leave it to Mr. Rosenbaum. Just leave it to me, Mr. Lafferty. A thousand people should have pants they fit them well enough, but you



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have to be particular. All right; I know how to do it. I know what you want. But I don't enjoy this, y'understand. I have a lot of money tied up in these pants; and I'm no banker. If I was a banker, now—that would be something else again. Mr. Lafferty, I'd say, y'understand me, these pants . . .

Snip! The scissors cut and ripped, smooth and shining. Cloth? Why no—it was paper—colored paper: a map, in fact. "Now," Mr. Rosenbaum was saying, "if we take a little from here—and put it on there——"

"But," expostulated Mr. Lafferty, dressed for some reason in a scarlet coat, buff tights, and knee-length boots, "my good sir—my honored friend—think what you're doing."

"Doing?" cried Mr. Rosenbaum. "I know very well what I'm doing. What have I been a banker in Vienna for, for forty years? It's all right; this will fix everything."

He tilted the white periwig to an angle on his head. "This pink country wants some of this green one," he said. "Good; it should have it. Mines and markets; with interest for Austria. I know how to do it. Excellent."

"And what will happen then?" asked Mr. Lafferty.

Mr. Rosenbaum helped himself to a pinch of snuff. The gesture pleased him, so he repeated it. "Then?" he asked. "What should happen? All right—we have a little war; and then we have a little peace. Both with interest for Austria. A war—a peace—what is that to a European banker? Nothing."

He smiled, and nodded. Snip, went the shears. "You see," he said. "Now the green hangs with the pink—so. Should the green be so particular? A thousand countries would be satisfied."

"I see," said Mr. Lafferty dryly. "You don't think that the green hangs a little askew on the pink? And that tearing sound?"

"I can fix it," said Mr. Rosenbaum. "Not as a banker, you understand; but with a little power . . . from the throne, for instance . . . from Isabella . . . or the Junta . . ."

His wig was gone when he reached for it; instead, dark hair hung to his shoulders. Under it he rearranged the fifteenth-century ruff around his neck. "You must understand, my dear Bishop," he said quietly, "that we Jews are too strong in Spain for the court to treat us badly. Our wealth . . . and then, we wear swords. Since the Maccabees, no Jew has worn a sword."

"And what good will your swords do you, Councillor?" asked the Right Reverend Lafferty, "if the Queen decrees your exile?"

Mr. Rosenbaum waved the silver dagger in his hand. "We know what we are doing," he said. "We have accumulated much wealth; can our wealth be taken away from us? We can pay for security. You will see; this time we are all right."

The Bishop shook his head, and fingered the ivory cross which hung from his neck. "Perhaps," he said, "perhaps. But it doesn't fit, my friend. Even your swords do not hang exactly right; they are too long, you fall over them. You do not seem to use measure, to my mind; everything is too much, or too little. Now you are too rich; you will see, they will take it all away from you. No, no; you do not measure. You rely upon faith . . . a faith, I might add, unjustified by anything since Solomon. For me to have faith is understandable; because I derive my faith from the Holy Ghost. But you believe in—what? Only your own heaven-sent rightness, my

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friend. And, alas!—you are always wrong."

"Tschk."

"Well," said Mr. Rosenbaum, "this time I am right; you will see. I know how to fix things here; Isabella will listen to me. Otherwise where will she go for a loan? Measure? What should I measure? I know what is needed. To take in a little here and there, perhaps—to make it strong where it joins . . . where the pull is . . ."

He waved the chisel in his hand, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. It was hot in the sun outside Jerusalem, and his goat-skin coat bothered him. "Look," he said to the Roman who stood beside him, "this is how we make crosses here in Judah. Strong in the middle, where it joins; and where the pull is."

"In Rome," said Mr. Lafferty, "we use a measure. Though I feel that I should add that in Rome we do not crucify our gods."

"Never mind," said Mr. Rosenbaum, "we know what we're doing. You'll see: Cæsar will be satisfied. After we've got rid of this fellow, things will be peaceful here in Judah."

Mr. Lafferty shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps," he said, "perhaps not. So now this god must hang upon his cross."

"What do you mean, 'this god'?" said Mr. Rosenbaum. "This man, you should say. Him the Messiah? Never in a thousand years."

"Some people seem to think so," murmured the Roman.

Mr. Rosenbaum shrugged his shoulders. "You couldn't suit everybody," he said. "A man who could be a king here in Judah wouldn't suit a lot of people in Rome. Or look at it the other way; a thousand people are satisfied Rome should be king in Judah, but this one has to be particular. Or, heaven he gives us; but where is this heaven? In our own hearts, he says. What nonsense is that? Is there gold in my heart? Is there ivory, and perfumed wood in my heart? In my heart is nothing but grief and toil. So—we put him on the cross, and everybody is better off.

"This is our business, mister. We know what we are doing."

"Let us hope it remains so," said Mr. Lafferty. "I, for one, don't want to be bothered with it."

"Just leave it to me," said Mr. Rosenbaum.

He took the last pin out of his mouth, gathered up the pants, and went to call on Mr. Lafferty.

"These pants," said Mr. Lafferty angrily, "don't fit me at all. I asked you to hang them on me . . ."

Mr. Rosenbaum gave the pants a long, dismal look. "Yes," he agreed, "the pants . . . they don't exactly fit for a particular gentleman like you are, Mr. Lafferty, but a tailor couldn't suit everybody. A thousand people would be satisfied with pants they should fit like that."

"What has that to do with me?" cried Mr. Lafferty. "Why don't you look? Why don't you measure? You always think you know what to do; and then you do it wrong."

"It's all right," said Mr. Rosenbaum. "I know what you want now; you want it so they should fit you. . . . Don't you worry, Mr. Lafferty; just leave it to me . . . I'll guarantee you'll be satisfied."

He took back the pants again. "Yes, yes," he said dreamily. "Just leave it to me."

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# As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

How many of my readers, I wonder, are familiar, not merely with the name, but with the contents of one of the greatest books that ever proceeded from the mind of man —"The Anatomy of Melancholy," by Robert Burton? The first edition appeared in quarto in 1621. There were a sufficient number of intelligent readers to make it instantly a best-seller. Other editions, and these all in folio, followed hard upon the first: 1624, 1628, 1632, 1638 (the last the author saw), 1651–2 (the last to receive the author's corrections), 1660, 1676 (in double column).

Then the book seemed to disappear from view. The cold, hard, sophisticated worldliness of the early eighteenth century, the citified and (so they thought) more intellectual atmosphere of an age that called enthusiasm vulgar, an age that hated mysticism, imagination, passion, romanticism, and anything and everything obscure, had no use for Burton's quaint humor and fantastic queries. Thomas Hearne, in his "Remains," wrote on January 23, 1734:

> No book sold better formerly than Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," in which there is great variety of learning, so that it hath been a commonplace for filchers. It hath a great many impressions, and the bookseller got an estate by it; but now 'tis disregarded, and a good fair perfect copy (altho' of the 7th impression) may be purchased for one shilling, well bound, which occasion'd a gentleman yesterday (who observ'd how many books, that were topping books formerly, and were greedily bought at great prices, were turn'd to wast paper) to say, that Sir Isaac Newton (he believ'd) would also in time be turned to wast paper; an observation which is very likely to prove true.

That it was a "commonplace for filchers" remained long after Hearne wrote: Sterne, in "Tristram Shandy," stole copiously from the "Anatomy"; I would say he stole shamelessly, if he had not done everything shamelessly. But a contemporary of Sterne, the great Doctor Johnson, paid Burton the highest compliment of which he was capable. The Reverend Doctor Maxwell told Boswell that Johnson said "The Anatomy of Melancholy" was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. Now with Johnson, getting out of bed was a major operation.

In 1776 Johnson said to Boswell, "Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is a valuable work. It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation. But there is great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he writes from his own mind." The Doctor, as usual, found the fitting phrase. "Great spirit and great power" are surely prime characteristics of the Anatomist.

In the nineteenth century, which in so many ways resembled the seventeenth, Burton "came back" with a vengeance. His book was reprinted again and again, and the early editions rose to fancy prices.

And now I salute one of the youngest publishing firms in New York for their



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courage in undertaking an entirely new edition of this immortal work. They have published an attractive volume of over a thousand pages, well printed, with an excellent index. And the important feature of this edition, to quote from the title-page, is "Now for the first time with the *Latin* completely given in translation and embodied in an *All-English text.*" This noble undertaking is edited by Floyd Dell, a man of the world, and Paul Jordan-Smith, a man of God, a happy partnership, for Burton was both.

Editors and publishers must face the ghost of Charles Lamb, who said, "I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? What hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?" But the dream has come true.

It is an interesting fact that Burton, who spent his life in a college room, should have known so much about human nature and should have viewed its weaknesses with so tolerant and charitable a mind. He is the proof that the sins, passions, virtues, weaknesses, fortitudes, whimsies of men and women can be learned from books even better than by observation. If you don't believe this, read "The Anatomy of Melancholy." See what he says about women's clothes, about the follies and tragedies of love, about the insanity of jealousy, about outdoor and indoor recreation, about dancing, fishing, and chess-playing.

And this vast heterogeneous "casebook" of human nature has a serene and splendid mind over it, like the Divine Mind over this crazy world. When the subject is of transcendent importance, the style automatically rises to meet it; when he discusses matters that seem trivial, his humor comes into play, but it is invariably based on common sense. For example: who should and who should not play chess? I played my last game of chess at the age of fourteen, with Herbert S. Bullard of Hartford. He beat me, I smashed the board, and never played again. The reason I never took it up in later life is given by old Burton. I am waiting to play chess when I shall go around the world on a sailing-ship. Yet I have been tempted. Years ago George Santayana gave me a beautiful travelling chess set, with cleats on the feet of the men; and the late Frank B. Tarbell, Professor of Greek in the University of Chicago, always travelled with a collapsible chess-board in his pocket, and worked out problems alone. He tried to arouse my interest, but I feared the game as a reformed man should fear drink. Listen to Burton:

> Chess-play is a good and witty exercise of the mind for some kind of men, and fit for such melancholy ones, Rhasis holds, as are idle, and have extravagant impertinent thoughts, or are troubled with cares, nothing better to distract their mind, and alter their meditations, invented (some say) by the general of an army in a famine, to keep soldiers from mutiny: but if it proceed from overmuch study, in such a case it may do more harm than good; it is a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all out as bad as study; besides, it is a testy cholerick game, and very offensive to him that loseth the Mate. William the Conqueror in his younger years, playing at Chess with the Prince of France, (Dauphiné was not annexed to that Crown in those days), losing a mate, knocked the Chessboard about his pate, which was a cause afterwards of much enmity betwixt them. For some such reason it is, belike, that Patricius, in his Schooling of Princes, forbids his Prince to play at Chess: hawking and hunting, riding, &c. he will allow; and this to other men, but by no means to him. In Mus-

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covy, where they live in stoves and hot-houses all Winter long, come seldom or little abroad, it is again very necessary, and therefore in those parts (saith Herbastein) much used. At Fez in Africa, where the like inconvenience of keeping within doors is through heat, it is very laudable, and (as Leo Afer relates) as much frequented. A sport fit for idle Gentlewomen, Soldiers in Garrison, and Courtiers that have nought but Love matters to busy themselves about, but not altogether so convenient for such as are Students. The like I may say of Claude Boisiere's Philosophy Game, D. Fulke's Metromachia and his Ouranomachia, with the rest of those intricate Astrological and Geometrical fictions, for such especially as are Mathematically given; and the rest of those curious games.

An excellent criticism of the great book was written by one of my undergraduate students in 1901, Mr. F. Mortimer Clapp. He compared it to the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris.

The Anatomy of Melancholy is the Notre Dame of literature. It is the multifarious expression of a nature as quaint, fantastic, various and mocking as that which created, stone by stone, with infinite labor, that great edifice. The Anatomy is cathedral in its proportions, its unity, its multiplicity, its harmony in an infinitude of details, its size. And of all Cathedrals it is most like Notre Dame in the wild, grotesque, fantastic yet intense life that conceived it and made in it a dwelling-place. They are strange counterparts in two domains of art. All the gloom dusted with sunlight, all the intricate carving, all the mockery, all the unexpected and strange in Paris cathedrals exist also in this gothic of literature,—from the high places of contemplation, whence we behold humanity creeping a dwindled race, to the musty gloom of vaults that never see the sun; from the leering gargoyle on the loftiest spire to the benign figure of some twilight saint in a forgotten corner of dust and quietness. There is behind both an abiding, governing spirit; in them multiplicity never loses itself in vagary, but moulded by a master hand every minutia adds unchangeably to the total effect. Behind this book is the controlling grasp of a mighty mind, high, calm, serious, sustaining with ease this ponderous weight of learning, this length, this complexity. The very construction of the book, the perfect distribution of the forces that produce the whole effect is nothing less than a triumph of architecture.

As Burton said the last word on chess as an indoor sport, this is what he said on an outdoor sport, fishing:

Fishing is a kind of hunting by water, be it with nets, weels, baits, angling or otherwise, and yields all out as much pleasure to some men as dogs or hawks, when they draw their fish upon the bank, saith Nic. Henselius, speaking of that extraordinary delight his Countrymen took in fishing, and in making of pools. James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book on fish, telleth how, travelling by the highway side in Silesia, he found a Nobleman booted up to the groins, wading himself, pulling the nets, and labouring as much as any fisherman of them all: and when some belike objected to him the baseness of his office, he excused himself, that if other men might hunt Hares, why should not he hunt Carps? Many Gentlemen in like sort with us will wade up to the Armholes upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that, to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo. Plutarch, in his book On the Cleverness of Animals, speaks against all fishing, as a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labour. But he that shall consider the variety of Baits, for all seasons, & pretty devices which our Anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, &c., will say that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them. Because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet: and if so be the angler catch no Fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the Brook side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers, he hears the melodious harmony of Birds, he sees the Swans, Herons, Ducks, Water-hens, Coots, &c., and many other Fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of Hounds, or blast of Horns, and all the sport that they can make.

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I hope that if there are any of my readers unfamiliar with the "Anatomy," these extracts will incite their curiosity; that they will buy the book and read it, for, as George Saintsbury says, it is "a perpetual refuge and delight."

A new novel has come out of Soviet Russia, and its appearance in English is hailed by the following exclamations: Stephen Graham says it caused him such whole-hearted laughter that he felt a new hope for Russia. He thinks it is written in the vein of Gogol's "Dead Souls." Mr. S. P. B. Mais says it is far funnier and "infinitely more vivid" than Gogol's book. Clemence Dane has read it three times and is fascinated. Gerald Gould, Hugh Walpole, and J. B. Priestley praise it. This immortal and astounding masterpiece is called "The Embezzlers," is written by Valentine Kataev, and translated by L. Zarine. Apart from a mild surprise that the Soviet government should permit its circulation in foreign countries, for it shows that government officials to-day are as shameless swindlers as they were under the Tsar, I found it a dull record of alcoholic sprees. It seemed to me about as funny as a dunghill. There is nothing in the book that could possibly harm any one; it is simply a succession of stupid attempts at booze-humor. If any English or American author had written it, it would have received no attention except a yawn. As for comparing such a novel with the work of Gogol, one might as well compare the jocosity of the saxophone with a violin in the hands of Heifetz.

E. van Emery has written an excellent biography, "Muldoon," with a preface signed by Jack Dempsey. Muldoon is an astonishing old man. In his younger days a champion wrestler, he appeared in dirty, draughty theatres at one-night stands, and the terrible exposure, the late hours, and the various bodily injuries he received so depleted his vitality and shortened his life that at the age of sixty he could have beaten most men of thirty in a rough-and-tumble fight. His body at seventy looked like Greek sculpture. Well past fourscore now, he is vigorous in frame, alert in mind. After his fighting championship contests were over, he was wise enough to capitalize his knowledge of health and physical fitness. He opened one of the most famous restoration-resorts in the world, and had as pupils Elihu Root, Roosevelt, Taft, and many others. Mr. van Emery's admirable book tells us about this, and gives us an excellent appraisal of Muldoon's personality and character.

When Muldoon stripped to the buff, he looked so fine that he was for a long time employed on the professional stage in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," where he naturally appeared as Charles the Wrestler. Charles is often represented as a cowardly braggart, who gets what has long been coming to him from young Orlando. As a matter of fact, if one will read the play without any presuppositions, one will see that Charles is a splendid fellow, modest and kindly, who comes to Oliver out of the goodness of his heart, thinking that Oliver loves his brother. Incidentally he makes a charming speech, in cultivated, euphuistic prose. It is only after his mind has been poisoned by the black-hearted Oliver with lies about Orlando that Charles speaks so roughly to the romantic hero. I had the pleasure of seeing Muldoon on the stage, with John Drew and Ada Rehan, and he was a thing of beauty. It rather galled him to be thrown publicly night after night by a man of John Drew's physique, and upon one occasion (so Mr. Drew himself told me)

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Muldoon was thrown so hard that he yelled with terrific intensity something not in the text, which almost called for a merciful curtain.

Zona Gale's new novel, "Borgia," is short and contains more cerebration than most novels three times its length. Zona Gale, Thornton Wilder, and W. B. Trites seem to be the only modern novelists who consider space and time. The vast majority of works of fiction read as though they had never been revised. Every superfluous word seems precious to its author. Turgenev, "The greatest artist since the Greeks," wrote all his novels at immense length and then revised them so drastically that when ready for publication they were about one-fifth their original size. He respected both his art and his readers. Part of the extraordinary skill of Thornton Wilder is shown in his genius for concision.

The same is true of Zona Gale. There is no excess baggage in "Borgia." The heroine is so interesting that her deeds, words, and thoughts command our attention; which is fortunate, for the book is so closely written that if one's attention wandered, one would have to begin again at the first page. This novel came out of a first-rate intellect; if I were to find any fault with it, I might say that the sentences are almost too carefully constructed; the author seems so afraid of conventional phrases that there is a strain (as in the later work of Henry James) to say things as no one had ever said them. But in view of the sloppy and slovenly style characteristic of most books, we may be grateful to Zona Gale.

Burns Mantle's invaluable handbook, "The Best Plays of 1928–29," must be placed with its predecessors as a most useful and accurate record of the contemporary American stage.

Eva Le Gallienne has apparently won her long and hard fight, and the victory belongs to her alone, for it was a victory won in the face of indifference and opposition. The Civic Repertory Theatre on Fourteenth Street, more easily accessible than some in the theatre district, is regarded by many as holding metropolitan primacy. People do not go there from a sense of duty, hoping to improve their minds, and expecting to be bored. They go because they want to go, because they know they will see a fine and interesting play presented and acted in an adequate manner.

Her example has been followed in Chicago. In the autumn of 1929 Mr. Fritz Leiber opened in that city a repertory theatre, and gives a Shakespearian cycle, which at this moment seems to have every prospect of success.

The best play in New York this season is the best of last season, "Journey's End," the finest war-play since Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Another admirable spiritual play is by John Balderston, called "Berkeley Square," the hint for which was taken from a magnificent fragment left by Henry James called "The Sense of the Past." Had Mr. James lived to finish that novel, it would have been one of his best. From it at all events has come a beautiful tragicomedy, in which that accomplished young English actor Leslie Howard is doing the finest work of his brilliant career. Margalo Gillmore and Valerie Taylor add conspicuously to the strength of the cast. It is pleasant to observe that so distinguished a drama is playing "to capacity."

Mr. Leon M. Lion, the famous actor-manager of London, who has a chapter all to himself in Mr. Stuart Hodgson's

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new book of characters, "Portraits and Reflections," came over in September to produce in New York a great London success, "Many Waters," by Monckton Hoffe. I was present at the first night of this play in London in the summer of 1928, and it was the most important play of that season. Miss Marda Vanne, the young actress from South Africa who took the leading rôle in London, came over to New York. She is an admirable artist, and a charming and cultivated woman. The play opened well here, and then after about a month seemed sure to share the fate of many other plays slain by the crisis in stocks. It was saved by the Church and Drama League. After the announcement had been made that the play would be withdrawn in two weeks, the leaders of the organization just mentioned bestirred themselves, with the result that not only was the run of the play continued but it has now been moved to a larger auditorium. Thus we see there are in New York many intelligent people.

Mr. Lion is the producer of John Galsworthy's plays in London, and acts in them as well. I shall never forget his interpretation of the leading rôle in "Justice." He is a theatre-director like Winthrop Ames, a gentleman of high intelligence and high ideals, identified with the finest things in art.

Have you ever tried onion soup? At a dinner given in New York by Mr. Lion, the proceedings opened with onion soup, which I tasted for the first time in my life. In describing it I am forced to use the language of Emerson: *Onion Soup is not poetry, it is religion.* To use a better-known but detestable phrase, I am now "sold" to onion soup until death do us part.

The first night of "The Channel Road" by the critic Alexander Woollcott and the adroit playwright Mr. Kaufman was the most interesting opening night I have seen in New York; and this, alas, not on account of the play, which I thought had little merit, but because of the audience. "Everybody" was there, including all actors and actresses who were for the moment unattached; and what a good time we had between the acts!

The best thing Alexander Woollcott has done recently is to revive (in publication) that marvellous chapter on the general practitioner in "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." This is now issued as a separate little volume, and Mr. Woollcott's Introduction is a work of literary art, one of the most persuasive pieces of writing I have seen in a long time. The fact that he should write it at all is to me a pleasant surprise; but I am not surprised that he has done it well.

The Shuberts deserve loud applause for reviving "Die Fledermaus" with the title "A Wonderful Night." It is a gorgeous production on a revolving stage; and the waltzes of Johann Strauss are entrancing.

Three of the most tremendous successes of New York, a sell-out at every performance, are "Strictly Dishonorable," "June Moon," and "Bittersweet," the last named an operetta by Noel Coward. I have immense respect for Brock Pemberton, the producer of "Strictly Dishonorable," and my hope is that the prodigious takings of this diverting but quite unimportant fluff will enable him to produce something worthy of his ability. "June Moon" I had supposed would be enormously amusing, coming as it does from one of my favorite authors, Ring Lardner. The best things in it are what Mr. Lardner has written on the theatre programme.

The truly significant fact, however,

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about "Bittersweet" and "A Wonderful Night" and the New York revivals of Victor Herbert, De Koven, etc., is the suggestion that the upstart crow, beautified with the feathers of light opera (I refer to Musical Comedy), may be nearing the end of its usurpation, which has lasted nearly thirty years. What a boon it will be if light opera should really revive us again!

The acting of George M. Cohan in "Gambling" is a marvellous display of all the resources of a great artist. I shall never forget it.

William Gillette, beloved of all who know him, is on a farewell tour. He has left his cats in his Mousetower on the Connecticut River, and has returned to the stage as Sherlock Holmes. His appearance in New York was greeted by a public demonstration; he was presented with a manuscript book, containing letters from a hundred persons prominent in various forms of activity—Calvin Coolidge, Arthur Conan Doyle, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Daniel Frohman, Francis Wilson, college presidents, priests, ministers, rabbis, theatre-managers, and actors. When this farewell tour is over, he will return to his Connecticut Castle and will (I hope) immediately begin to write another detective novel.

Some twenty-five years ago I was talking with James Whitcomb Riley about the future of American poetry; and it must be remembered this was before the Renaissance which brought into action a new Edwin Arlington Robinson, a Robert Frost, a Vachel Lindsay, an Edna St. Vincent Millay. Mr. Riley said the only American poet of importance was a neighbor of mine at New London, Anna Hempstead Branch. I soon agreed with him. Well, after a long silence, in which she has been engaged in unselfish work of another kind, Miss Branch puts forth a volume of original verse of striking quality, "Sonnets from a Lock Box." If any one doubts her remarkable talent, one reading of this small book will abundantly convince.

Mr. R. S. Warner, writing from a sickbed in the Massachusetts General Hospital, "reduced by surgery and the implacable good humor of nurses," corrects me for mentioning (in the November SCRIBNER'S) "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho" as the work of "the Kingsleys." It was a bad break, for I did know that Henry had nothing to do with these books, yet I made the error just the same. The only good thing about it is that for a moment such a blunder diverted the mind of a man from his physical sufferings. He adds, concerning my remarks about my dead classmate, the Honorable William Kent, and his fondness for outdoor life, "You speak of Will Kent. In 1899, I threw a baseball as if from the plate to 2nd base. He plugged it in the air with a 30-30 Winchester bullet." I can well believe it; Will Kent was a good second to the great Doctor Carver.

Commenting on my allusion to John Howard Bryant, the brother of William, Mrs. S. W. W. Schäffle writes me from Atlantic City:

> Reading "As I Like It" in my new magazine, I ran across a friend of years ago. In the winter of 1888–89 while in St. Augustine, Florida, where we had gone to make our home, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John Howard Bryant and his son from Princeton, Ill. They remained through the winter. He gave me a copy of his own poems, doubtless the volume you mention; many were poems of family or local interest. Unfortunately a fire in the storage house where our goods were stored took that with everything else so

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we have left but a memory. I asked him if there were others in the family having this gift of poetry and he said yes—a brother who died in youth was more gifted than any of them. Thinking you might be interested to learn a little more of this modest, kindly, old gentleman, I ventured to write.

Professor H. H. Carter, of Indiana University, writes of the F. Q. Club:

In the year 1908 I was stimulated by you to read all of the *Faerie Queene*. If I remember correctly, your Faerie Queene Club was organized that year. I wish to report to you that my oldest daughter, who is sixteen years old and in her senior year of high school, last summer completed the poem. She gave oral reports of the various books to me and has, I think, as fair an understanding of the poem as might be expected for one of her age.

Mrs. I. K. Phelps, of New Haven, a physicist and doctor of philosophy, calls our attention to an awkward sentence in an advertisement of the Book-of-the-Month Club: "During the year, you will receive reports (in the News) upon from 200 to 250 books." Mrs. Phelps quite properly objects to the use of "prepositions in squads," saying it is not an uncommon sight in the daily press, but none the less objectionable.

How many of my readers have heard of "The Poetry Review," published at Featherstone Buildings, London? This blessed month of February the Poetry Society, of which this Review is the organ, completes its twenty-first year. Among the presidents have been G. K. Chesterton, Lord Coleridge, and Sir J. Forbes-Robertson. "The Poetry Review" is an excellent periodical, and I had the pleasure in the editorial office in London of meeting not only the staff but Professor Olivero of Milan, who had published in that magazine a notable and highly interesting appreciation of the writings of Thomas Hardy. The Review, unlike some others, has fought a good fight and kept the faith. I recommend it to Scribnerians, and suggest that they make a personal call on the editors when in London.

In discussing a certain novel, I mentioned the fact that when I was a boy we had family prayers morning and evening. This remark drew a letter from Arthur F. Allen, of Sioux City, Iowa:

"When I was a boy," you say in SCRIBNER'S, "we had family prayers both morning and evening." How well I remember that custom. My father was a farmer in northern Illinois at a time when farm work was begun early in the morning and not ended until late in the evening. It was a severe and exacting regime. We did not observe the custom of morning *and evening* prayers, but in season and out of season we had morning prayers, immediately following the breakfast repast. My father was the descendant of a long line of pious ancestors; my mother's ancestry was Huguenot and her father was a clergyman. The Bible was read and studied and believed and revered in our home. Sabbaths were observed, and the children went to church and Sunday School, and also to prayer meeting when old enough.

It was by this method, together with compulsory attendance at Sunday School for what seemed a long term of years, that I acquired familiarity with the Bible that has served me well in life.

The custom of family prayers was a good custom and has much to commend it. It is the misfortune of the present generation that the custom has passed and that nothing of equal worth has taken its place.

I wish that I owned the gift to write a tribute to the praying fathers and mothers of your generation and of mine—such a tribute as they deserve. They were sturdy Christians, resolute and fearless. Their faith was strong within them. Their conviction was unshakable. There was strength in their moral fiber.

Where is their like to-day? Can you show me a home where the Bible is read, where family prayers are said and wherein there dwells either a praying father or a praying mother? I know of no such homes.

I am grateful for this letter, but in response to the last question I can show

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Mr. Allen many a home where family prayers are still observed. *Sursum corda!* Remember that Elijah in the Old Testament and John the Baptist in the New Testament became despondent, and almost lost hope, faith, and courage. If gold rust, what shall iron do? Elijah was "very jealous for the Lord God of hosts," sincerely believing that he was the only surviving believer, and that when he died God would not have a friend left. The still small voice informed him there were seven thousand steadfast believers, that his own place would be taken by Elisha, and that there was no reason for despair. Many good Christian people today are unnecessarily depressed. There are vast numbers of the faithful who express their faith not only in their lips but in their lives. Many exhorters are in an undignified haste to convert the world. I once heard an earnest evangelist, who is now in a place where he is more familiar with the facts, utter this frenzied call to action—"God's extremity is man's opportunity"—which seems to me now as it did then the most blasphemous thing I have ever heard from the pulpit, and it is not without serious competition.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

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# Some Recent Additions to the Literature of Art

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE camera is the antithesis of the brush—a mechanical means of recording a fact, where the brush facilitates an individual's interpretation of that fact. Yet to the criticism of art photography is of immeasurable value, the handmaiden of that mode of scientific, documented research which came into existence only in comparatively recent times. The interest—and the value—of the whole literature of art has been enormously enhanced since processes of illustration were brought to a high pitch of excellence. Fifty years ago, when those devoted authors, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, published their "Life and Times of Titian," they had to be content with pitifully inadequate wood-engravings as accompaniment to their text. What would they not have given for the photogravures and half-tones that have since been made available! Especially would their labors have been aided in the first place by the photographs on which such plates are based. In the modern art library photographs are indispensable. I have thousands of them myself. They are at once a boon, and, on the other hand, a burden. They are formidable devourers of space.

It is a problem with which students all over the world have to reckon and publishers have taken account of it. Hence the appearance in Germany of the invaluable "Klassiker der Kunst," those innumerable red-covered octavos in which this or that master's works are chronologically arranged, in good half-tones, with a certain amount of prefatory text from a competent hand but with the emphasis placed upon the illustrations. Hence the similarly precious volumes, dedicated to periods rather than to masters, bearing the imprint of the Propylaen Verlag of Berlin, and the publication in England, at the Bodley Head, of Mr. Calvert's delightful "Spanish Series." I had thought that Germany in particular was going to hold the palm indefinitely in this matter, but it is not so. I reckoned without the Pegasus Press, whose publishers in this country are Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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What the scholar always needs is apparatus, data, the materials of his subject placed at his elbow in manageable compass. Besides his own classified scrap-books he needs more reproductions, and then more reproductions, with every last bit of information procurable. The function of these things is to check his memory of objects seen, to acquaint him as far as possible with others he has missed on his travels, to fortify him, in short, in the pursuit of facts. It is this need that the Pegasus Press has set out to supply. It has many strings to its bow, reprinting, for example, the first book printed (in 1514) on the Roman alphabet. It appeals to the bibliophile, to the calligrapher, to the man of letters, as well as to the connoisseur. It is, among other things, on the side of fine typography. In its "Bodoni Editions" of Poliziano, Dante, Michael Angelo, and so on it makes use, by the authority of the Italian Government, of



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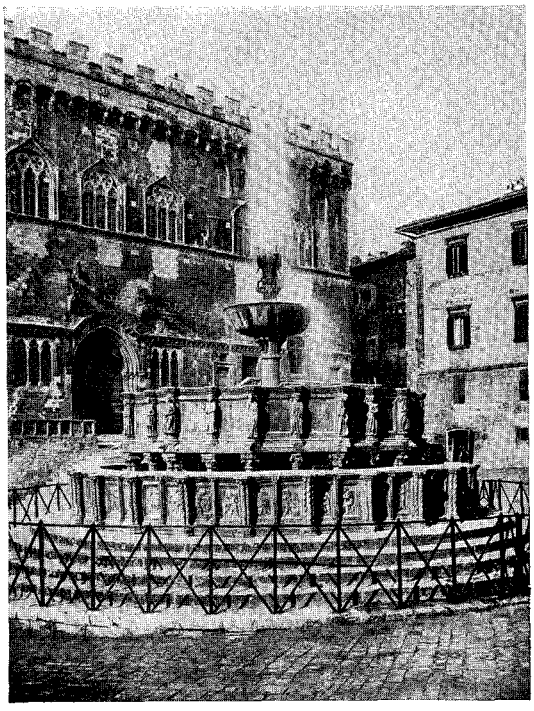
The Adoration of the Magi—by Lorenzo Monaco.

From Toesca's "Florentine Painting of the Trecento."



The Fountain at Perugia.

From Venturi's "Giovanni Pisano."

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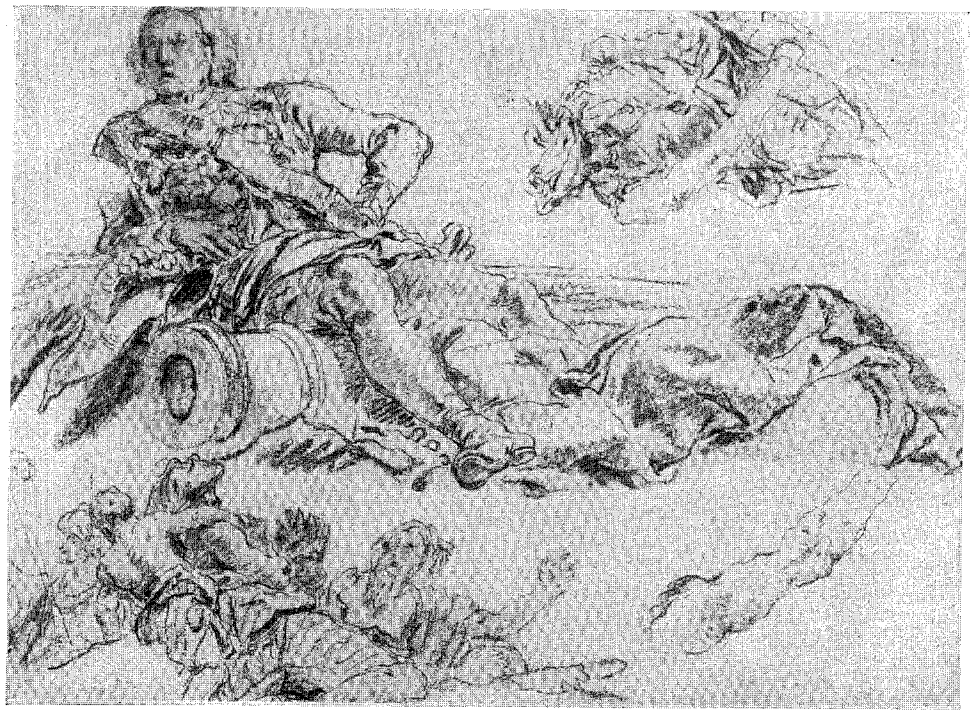

Officer Encamped Beside a Cannon.

From Hadeln's "Drawings of Tiepolo."

Gramercy Park.

From "The Paintings of George Bellows."

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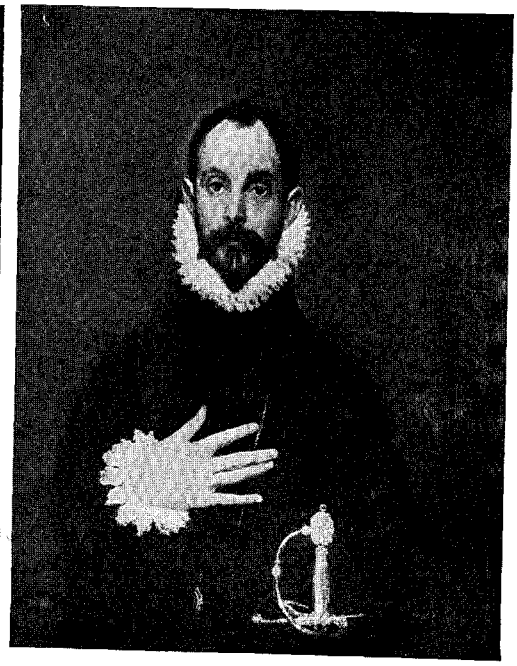
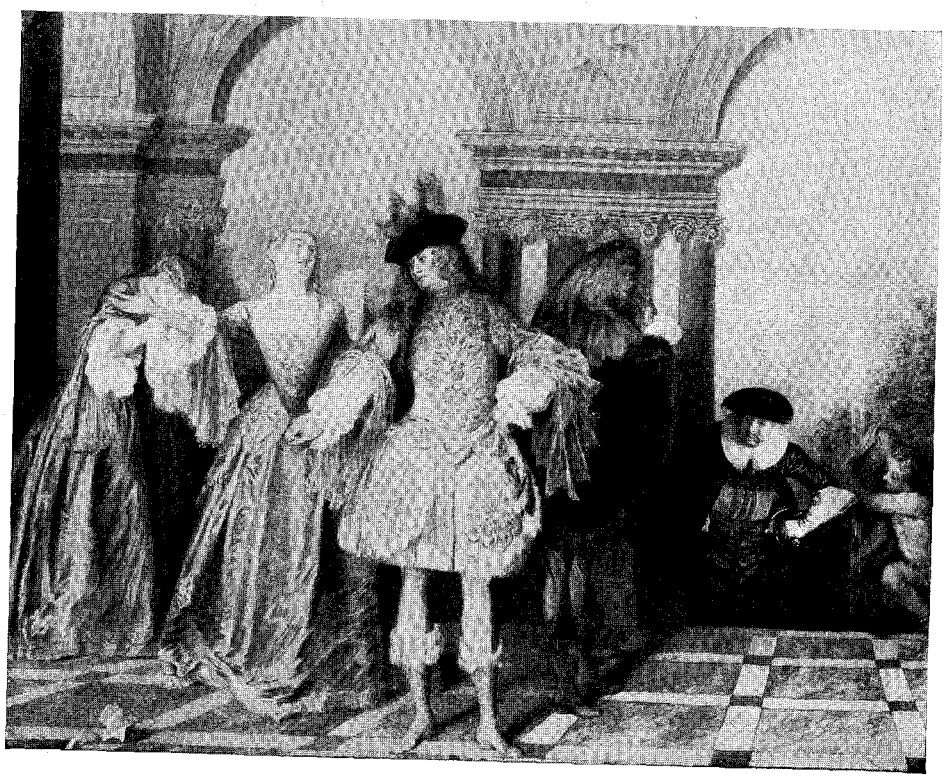
A Portrait of a Lady.

From the painting by Dürer in the Bache Collection.



Caballero with Hand on Breast.

From Griswold's "El Greco."



The French Comedians.

From the painting by Watteau in the Bache Collection.

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An Old Corner, Rouen.

From Arms's "Churches of France."

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the original types of the eighteenth-century Parmesan printer. But I am more particularly concerned in this place with the "Pantheon Series" issued by the Press, several volumes of which lie before me. It is a series, projected on a fairly grandiose scale, which ought to prove of extraordinary value to the student. To the headquarters in Paris comes advice from a consultative committee embracing in its membership men like Bernard Berenson, C. Hofstede de Groot, W. R. Valentinter, Charles R. Morey, Adolfo Venturi, and Paul Vitry. Bode was a member at the time of his death. The purpose of the series, stated in a nutshell, is "to render the art treasures of the world accessible to international culture." All the nations are to be included. As for the Italian school, the scheme adopted is of an incomparable thoroughness and fascination.

It begins with two volumes from Mr. Berenson on "Italian Painting before Giotto," and in others it isolates the different periods of Florentine painting, the Sienese side of the subject, the work of Umbria, that of Rome, and, in fact, every phase of the great story from the origins down to the eighteenth century. Nor is painting alone treated. One of the outstanding volumes is Adolfo Venturi's "Giovanni Pisano." It will take years to carry out the full formation of this library, but when it is completed it will possess unique significance. Let us take a single volume as indicative of the character of the whole, Professor Pietro Toesca's "Florentine Painting of the Trecento." It opens with hardly more than fifty pages of text, but these sum up with admirable lucidity the evolution of the school, its broad traits, and the characteristics of the leading individuals concerned. They are followed by a few bibliographical and other notes, and then, after the necessary indices, come over a hundred perfect, full-page, collotype plates, illuminating the sequence from Cimabue, through Giotto and his followers, to Lorenzo Monaco. Giotto, of course, is reproduced with special lavishness. Moreover, not only is the specific painting illustrated but again and again details are given in additional plates, those details which disclose in the minutiæ of brushwork the very autograph of the master. What Professor Toesca does for his school and period, Corrado Ricci does for "North Italian Painting of the Cinquecento," the men, beginning with Leonardo, of Piedmont, Liguria, Lombardy, and the Emilia. Ricci's text, by the way, is exceptionally readable and suggestive. He humanizes his subject, not disdaining anecdote, and I hope that as the series goes on his colleagues may emulate his fusion of the authority of the scholar with the light handling of the man of letters. His illustrations have been selected with remarkable good judgment. He will show you not only the high peaks of his subject, like Leonardo and his immediate disciples, or Correggio, but divers minor types important for one reason or another to remember. Ricci's book, like Toesca's, is a model.

So, for that matter, is Detlev von Hadeln's, in two volumes, on "The Drawings of G. B. Tiepolo." This accomplished critic, to whom we owe so much for his book on the drawings of Tintoretto and the two others he has made on the Venetian school, has pretty nearly surpassed himself in the present publication. His introduction is as felicitous as it is terse, his notes are always pertinent and helpful, and his 200 reproductions are merely glorious. I have a cult for Tiepolo, whom Baron Hadeln fervidly but not too fervidly calls "the

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greatest artist of his century . . . incomparable in the certainty of his decorative taste, gifted with an absolutely unbounded technical skill." And the drawings give the best of all clews to his marvellous bravura in their easy precision, their spontaneous revelation of the very grain and texture of the master's genius. I think again of what all these books must mean to the student and writer, how they must help him to re-create the atmosphere of his subject. It is so with the last of the volumes to which I have to allude, another eighteenth-century record, the "Baroque Architecture of Prague," by E. Dostal and J. Sima, with a prefatory note by the American diplomat Lewis Einstein. The very title-page, in its decorative grace, is evocative of an adorable theme. Baroque architecture as it dominates the city of Prague is no doubt frequently overblown, redundant, in sad contrast to the classical restraint of the Renaissance, but it has a florid charm of its own, and these beautiful plates gather it up as in a microcosm, bringing the stately palazzi before our eyes in the richest vividness.

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The publications I have noted above are the only ones of a monumental nature which I have to record. But there are one or two others which are allied to them in a certain compendious purpose, in the opportunity they offer to the student to traverse a mass of informative material within reasonable space. I could not omit mention in this category of Eugenie Strong's "Art in Ancient Rome," published in the "Ars Una" series by the Scribners. It covers the subject from the earliest times and the two modest volumes have a double merit. They embody such a condensed survey of Roman architecture, painting, and sculpture as can be obtained in no other publication, and Mrs. Strong is an ideally luminous guide. Her ripe scholarship never overwhelms her. She never lands in pedantry. Neither does she drift, with her readable touch, into anything like superficiality. She gives us, in fact, a clear, animated, and interesting narrative. The illustrations are, as usual in this series, small but well printed and so numerous that the text is heightened in value at surprisingly many points. It is one of the best of the "Ars Una" books, and was perhaps more urgently needed than any of its predecessors. With it, as bringing something of solid value to the library of the student, I would associate the third of the "Burlington Magazine Monographs," brought out by the Scribners under the title of "Georgian Art." With text running to less than seventy pages and with a great profusion of handsome plates, the various contributors to this symposium render an admirable account of the English arts during the reign of George III. Painting, architecture, sculpture, ceramics, glass, metalwork, furniture, textiles, and the minor arts are all appreciatively discussed and, what is more, set in a workable perspective.

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I have more than one interesting biography to signalize. High up in the list comes the official "Life and Times of Charles Follen McKim," written by Charles Moore and bearing the imprint of the Houghton Mifflin Company. Mr. Moore has had access to all the McKim papers, and as Chairman of the National Commission of Fine Arts he knew the famous architect for years. He has performed a labor of love in the preparation of this book, and he has also made it a workmanlike record, packing into it all the facts. Not long ago in these pages I glanced briefly at the relation of Mc-

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Kim, Mead & White to the architectural development of the country. It was that of pioneers and renovators. Mr. Moore sets forth in detail much that went on not only in McKim's life but in the life of the firm. His book will be welcomed for its historical data, but most of all it will be enjoyed, by architects and laymen alike, for its portrait of a man of genius who had great personal charm. The book follows him through his early days at Harvard and abroad in a peculiarly sympathetic manner. Then and thereafter, too, Mr. Moore makes effective use of McKim's letters. These reveal a hitherto unsuspected gaiety and tenderness in the architect's nature. "Unexpected" is the word to apply also to the character that comes to light in Mrs. Pennell's biography of her husband, "The Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell" (Little, Brown & Company). This brilliant pen draughtsman and illustrator, who played a constructive part in the art of his time, built up for himself the reputation of a rather choleric, pessimistic soul. Mrs. Pennell brings out the strain of something like positive sweetness which was all the time running through his character. He might get out of temper with this or that episode in our modern world, but we see now that his anger didn't keep him from enjoying himself. He had, on the whole, a very happy life, working terrifically and finding in work a kind of joyous anodyne. His letters are often deliciously amusing, they reproduce so perfectly the accent of artless, bubbling, playful talk. Without stressing the point, too, Mrs. Pennell, through the straightforward narration of facts, makes us realize anew how much admirable work her husband did, what an ardent, unselfish man he could be in furthering the interests of art and artists.

"The Paintings of George Bellows," published by Alfred A. Knopf, might be described as a biography without words. There are, to be sure, a few sentences by Robert Henri on one prefatory page, and there follow some reflections written down by Bellows himself, found among his papers after his death. But the real purpose of the book is to bring together 143 beautifully printed plates reproducing the artist's paintings. A companion volume to the book on his lithographs, which appeared two years ago, it is actually, in the nature of things, a more important memorial. Here, in a larger sense, is the story of his life's work, from the first canvases of twenty years and more ago in which he disclosed himself as the most brilliant of Henri's pupils, to that rapidly reached and steadily mounting expression of his talent which brought original force more and more to the surface. Detached examples of Bellows movingly affirm his power. To turn the pages of this book, to see gathered together his portraits, landscapes, figure compositions, street scenes, and water-front pictures, is to gain a deepened sense of the man's genius. As I pore over the work, I remember seeing one after another of the paintings reproduced. The plates revive a host of memories. They are concentrated in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "sincerity and strength." It is a fine book, one that will take a lasting place.

Another modern artist whose work has lately been commemorated in book form is Eric Gill, the British sculptor. His art is made the subject of a thin quarto published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, "Eric Gill," written by Joseph Thorp, with a few critical pages by Charles Marriott. The biographical text, which is Mr. Thorp's, throws welcome light on a picturesque personality,

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but the interest of the book lies in its plates. These exhibit a modeller oscillating between the stylized primitivism which has latterly come into vogue and a naturalism suggesting a classically minded Rodin. Evidently Gill has moments in which he seizes upon visions of authentic beauty. In others he seems to dip into the ancient past without recovering more than its surface manner.

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A little book which has a biographical tincture but is really more of an essay than a memoir is the "El Greco" of Frank Gray Griswold, which he has had privately printed in luxurious form, with illustrations in photogravure. The author disclaims critical authority, but some idea of the devotion with which he has written may be gathered from his statement that he studied Spanish "for the sole purpose of reading Cossio's great book." For exhaustive analysis of the subject students will doubtless go to Cossio, Mayer, and others, but for gusto, for a modestly engaging initiation into the atmosphere of the master, they might well read Mr. Griswold. His discursive brochure has the emotional charm of a profession of faith.

While I am speaking of privately printed books I must allude to the exquisitely made "Catalogue of Paintings in the Collection of Jules S. Bache." It reproduces in flawless photogravures one of the most notable assemblages of old masters ever made in this country. There are about sixty paintings in the group, nearly twenty of which are of the Italian school, rare and beautiful things by Giovanni Bellini, Botticelli, Crivelli, Mantegna, Raphael, Signorelli, Titian, and others. Petrus Christus, Gerard David, Hans Memling, and Roger Van der Weyden appear among the Flemish Primitives, and from the later epoch in that school come two superb Van Dycks, one of them a portrait of the artist himself. The German school provides no fewer than four jewel-like Holbeins, and a Dürer "Portrait of a Lady" having a loveliness rare in the *œuvre* of the Nuremberg master. Rembrandt, Hals, and Vermeer make the great glory of the small Dutch company. In the French there are magnificently characteristic pieces by Boucher, Fragonard, and Watteau. The Watteau is that famous picture of "The French Comedians" which was formerly in the possession of the Emperor of Germany. This is the collection of an eclectic aiming at the highest quality in his pictures. It is of great distinction and receives fitting treatment in this catalogue, made with knowledge and judgment by an anonymous hand.

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"Churches of France," a beautiful volume published by the Macmillans, is not an art book in the sense of making for the admonition of the student. The text, by Dorothy Noyes Arms, is an affair of impressionistic appreciation, intended for the layman rather than for the architectural reader. But the illustrations by her husband, John Taylor Arms, the etcher, give the book an altogether artistic character. Mr. Arms is a severer draughtsman, a little "tighter" in his line, than predecessors of his like Lepere and Joseph Pennell, but the austere precision of his style makes him a worthy celebrant of these historic buildings. He causes massive masonry to look like masonry, he is eloquent in the matter of sculptured detail and delicate mouldings, and he is especially to be commended for his skill in finding the ideal point of view from which to depict a given cathedral. He sees it as part of a broad ensemble, and the result is a charming picturesqueness.

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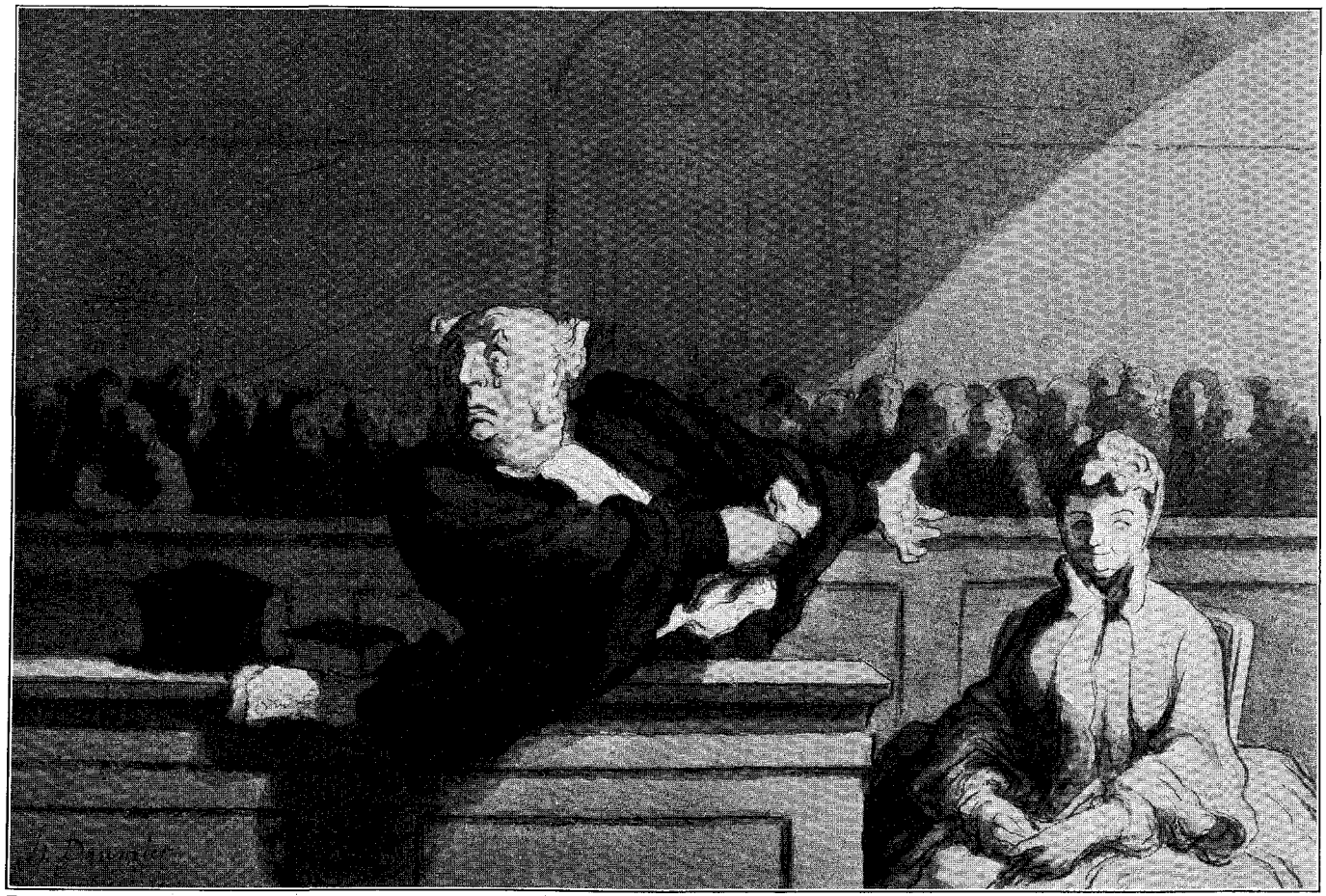

*From the W. A. Clark Collection by courtesy The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.*

The Advocate.

From the water-color by Honoré Daumier.

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